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NATURE, THE SOUL, AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THOMAS HILL.

THERE are two recognized modes of arriving at truth: the one consists in going to the goal, the other in being carried thither. The first consists, to change the figure, in a direct examination, and cross-examination, of nature herself; striving by the strength of our own mind to solve her riddles, and overcome the hindrances that lie in the pathway to her treasures. The second consists in receiving from some other person a solution of the enigmas, written or spoken in human language; taking the treasure, not out of nature's treasures, but from the hands of men.

It may be said, that the distinction is of comparatively little importance, since in either case we only learn what we are taught, we only receive what is given. No truth can enter the finite mind other than that which was first in the mind of God, and unless God has prepared the finite mind to receive that truth: what difference, it may be asked, between receiving through one instrumentality or another, since in

either case the origin of the truth is in the Divine Thought, and the reception of it is only through Divine illumination, or preparation. In God we live and move and have our being, and from him all truth and all wisdom flow.

We grant, and will presently even insist upon, the full force of this apparent objection to any distinction between the two modes of arriving at truth: nevertheless we re-affirm that there is a broad distinction between the reception of truth at first hand, from nature herself or from inward illumination, and the reception of truth through the spoken symbols of human language. There is a marked difference, for example, among scientific men, between the original invention of processes, or original discovery of laws, and the comprehension of those processes, or of those laws as expounded by the discoverers. It is universally recognized that many men are capable of receiving, comprehending, and using truth, as set forth in human writing, who are nevertheless incompetent to discover truth in nature for themselves. That spontaneous action of the mind which impels it to move in new paths, and discover new truths, is the prerogative of genius, it does not belong to ordinary men. But the creations and the discoveries of genius are appreciated and understood by thousands of those who themselves are unable to create or discover anything new.

The subject is difficult to state in a brief form: there are modifications essential to almost every statement that can be made upon it. We must remember, for example, that this inability of ordinary men is not an absolute, but only a relative inability. For an absolute inability to create beauty or to discover truth would probably make me also incapable of appreciating beauty and truth. Yet with regard to some particular truth, the inability for discovering it may be so great and so manifest as to be to us indistinguishable from absolute inability. For example, although my capability for enjoying the works of Beethoven, or of comprehending the analysis of Lagrange, does prove that I might express my feelings in music, or might prove a mechanical theorem, yet it is, in all probability, true that no efforts of my own,

or of my teachers, begun at however early an age, would ever have enabled me to produce the immortal works of either of those great masters, — the Christ on the Mount of Olives of Beethoven, or Lagrange's Analytical Mechanics.

There are, then, two opposite errors into which a student, endeavoring to estimate himself, may fall. On the one hand acknowledging his own want of genius, his absolute inability to equal the great works of the masters in his department, he may despondingly think himself entirely without talent and incapable of doing anything. Or, on the other hand, after having been taught a truth, finding that he not only comprehends it, but sees also its foundations and relations, he may either fancy himself to be its discoverer, or at least fancy that he would soon have discovered it for himself, and thus he may deny his obligation to his teacher. In the first case, in despair of finding truth, he will cease to seek it, doubt if it be worth seeking, and perhaps doubt if it exist to be sought. In the second, he will grow conceited, and not only cease to learn from his teacher, but cease to seek truth from any source, and concentrate his mind upon admiration of himself and his own ability.

Now all that we have said concerning science and of art is equally true of religion. Revealed religion claims to teach us, by the symbols of human language, truths which mankind either could not, or would not, discover for themselves; and also to give a peculiar and explicit sanction to deductions which men had made, but in which they did not have faith and confidence. She claims much more than to be a teacher of truth; but in so far as her office is that of a teacher, her lessons are of the character just described. Yet if she teaches truths which men could not discover for themselves, they must at least be truths which we have the power of receiving, and that implies some power of discovery. A man cannot understand Euclid's propositions in Geometry unless he have some power of perceiving relations of form for himself. Nor could we receive the truths revealed to us by our Lord and Master unless we had some ability to perceive spiritual and religious realities for ourselves. Nothing is more

striking among the characteristics of his teaching, than the co-existence, in so many of his sayings, of the strongest implication of his personal authority, together with the strongest reliance upon the insight of his hearers. He implies that we must believe because he tells us, and at the same time implies that we may if we will look, see for ourselves that he tells us truth. In other words, upon the subject of religion, upon which all human teachers speak doubtfully, or as if upon secret things known only to an elected few, Jesus appealed to the common intuitions of the human race, precisely as we appeal in simple geometry; at the same time, knowing the dimness of our spiritual sight, and the deep need of his teaching, he adds the weight of his authority, not to force upon us belief without seeing, but to make us trust our own illumined sight.

It becomes us, therefore, to be cautious in our discussion of the relations which the religion of nature bears to that of the gospel, lest we fall into one of the two errors into which I have said the student is liable to fall. If, on the one hand, we confound the present clearness of our vision, enlightened by a Christian education, and by the truth which Christ has revealed, with our natural ability to discover spiritual things, we are guilty, not only of a very gross error in reasoning, likely to lead to errors in opinion and in practice, but also of gross injustice and ingratitude to that holy teacher who spake as never man spake. But if, under the idea of magnifying Christ's work, we exaggerate our statement of man's natural inability to learn spiritual truth, and declare, as some honored teachers have declared, that without Christ we should be unable to arrive at any of the doctrines of religion, — we may lead others, and presently ourselves, into a doubt of all religion, natural and revealed. For if without Christ we know nothing of religious truth, we have no test by which to recognize the Christ.

Revelation implies spiritual powers in man, and spiritual truths which those human powers could attain. This is stated with great clearness by St. Paul, that "the invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly

seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead," so that men are without excuse for their ignorance of God. To put this doctrine of Paul into other words, the invisible things of God, both his eternal power and his divine attributes, have been clearly manifested ever since the creation of the world, being made intelligible through the things which he has formed. That is to say, the ever-present power and divine attributes of God are revealed and made intelligible to the human mind through the material creation. The world of matter is the embodiment of divine thought ; of the divine word, addressed to man, and richly laden with meanings. The heavens are the most striking part of this word, and first attract man's attention ; but on the earth also, and in every atom of matter, there is a language "never unperceived, ever understood." No thoughts come into the mind, independently of revelation, except those expressed or suggested by this word of God spoken in the creation. Even our conceptions of space and time are suggested by matter and motion ; even our consciousness of spiritual powers within us is awakened only through the consciousness of external sensations, and that consciousness of a spiritual nature reaches its highest dignity and grandeur only when we perceive that we have been made in the image of that Creator who has recorded his thoughts and borne testimony to his active love in the formation of this vast universe.

Such is the doctrine of St. Paul expressed and implied in the language quoted above, and such is the doctrine of every part of the Christian volume. It claims to contain revelations from God, but it does not require us to accept a revelation blindly ; on the contrary, it bids us judge even of ourselves what is right, and compare the word revealed through the Holy Ghost with the truths of nature, and with the intuitions of the soul. The New Testament proceeds on the assumption that men are ignorant and unable to arrive at a clear knowledge of saving truth without a teacher ; but that they are nevertheless capable of being taught, and of finding for themselves, in nature, and in their own souls, abundant

confirmation of the truth of what is taught. The mission of Jesus, as already implied, was not primarily to be a teacher of truth, but to deliver from sin, and to raise into righteousness, to give new life, new strength. But he incidentally taught also truth ; and that truth was not so much what was absolutely new and unattainable by man, as that which was obscured and hidden to our diseased and perverted vision ; but which has been dimly seen, and doubtfully apprehended by the purer and clearer sighted men. But,

“ What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thickest gloom,

Was to him matter of direct sight and knowledge, and he spoke of it to those who would receive his testimony, and who received of him power also to become the sons of God.

Those who reject the testimony of our Lord and Saviour to the truths of natural religion are usually (of course not always) found to be those who reject the truths themselves. Thus, in the last century, the French philosophers were generally in agreement with Lacroix in his affirmation that religious ideas are chimeras of the imagination, terrified by the secret destructive energies of Nature ; and in our own day there seems to be an inclination among disbelievers in Christianity to accept Herbert Spencer's analysis of the religious sentiment, into the consciousness of our inability to know or discover the origin of things, — that is, into an awe of the unknowable.

Not such was the doctrine and teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ. He appeals not simply, nor chiefly, to our fear of the unknown cause of death, but rather to our love and gratitude to the giver of life, to our perception of known laws of providence, supplying the wants of every living being. He appeals not simply, nor chiefly, to our consciousness of weakness and ignorance, before the Infinite Unknowable, but to our consciousness of strength and of illumination as children of our ever-present Almighty Father, revealing his goodness, and his wisdom and power, in his providence over the world.

And if we may trust at all our own attempts to analyze the springs of religious thought and feeling, then the Bible is right, and modern philosophers, whether of the eighteenth or the nineteenth century, are wrong. Religious feeling, if we analyze it rightly, does not consist in fear of the unknown, nor in awe of the unknown, but in love awakened by what is known, in adoring wonder at the perception of what is intelligible. That which absolutely transcends our power of thought is incapable of exciting our feelings. The fundamental law of our being is that perception and feeling co-exist; they are, it is true, approximately in inverse proportion, and yet neither can exist in the total absence of the other. The sentiment of wonder cannot then be aroused by what we do not know; nor by the perception that we do not know; much less by the perception that we cannot know. It is aroused by our perception that we know something, and can perhaps know more; by our perception that, however much we know, there are yet, in the unknown, inexhaustible wells of the knowable. Increased depth and volume are given, to our wonder and reverence, by every increase of our knowledge. Ignorance is not the mother of devotion, but the mother of contempt. To that of which we are wholly ignorant, we are wholly indifferent; and our interest and our wonder can be excited only by giving us a partial knowledge, and suggesting to us that this knowledge may be increased.

These seem to be obvious truisms, — yet we are impelled to state them even more fully, since they are so strangely neglected by some of our most famous modern philosophers when they approach religious themes.

Let us, then, consider, a moment, the genesis of the feeling of the sublime. It was well stated in Goddard's lectures upon Milton. When the mind, endeavoring to comprehend some great object, expands its view, taking in more and more, until it suddenly perceives that this process will be forever possible, that there is not only no end to the object, but no end to the extension of our mental grasp, it recoils from any further attempt with a peculiar, exalted feeling, called the sense of the sublime. But this feeling is not aroused by

the unknown, nor by the unknowable, nor by the perception that we cannot reach the unknowable: it is aroused by a rapid extension of the known, and a sudden conviction that the range of the knowable is unlimited. It is not so much the negative idea that no extension of its grasp will enable it to take in the whole: it is the positive idea that every extension of the mental grasp will give us a larger object of vision, that arouses the sense of the sublime.

Now, when the object which the mind is endeavoring to comprehend is a spiritual attribute of the Deity, then the emotion of the sublime becomes religious emotion; and its depth and its volume are in direct proportion, not to our negative perception of our ignorance of his nature and attributes, but to our positive perception, in however feeble a degree, of what those unfathomable and incomprehensible attributes are. The wider our range of thought, and the more fully we have unfolded the Divine Thought revealed to us in the works of God, the deeper will be our adoring sense of that unfathomable knowledge which planned the universe in a single thought, and then projected that thought into actual existence in the universe. The richer the tide of love which has flowed in our own hearts, the more profound will be the adoring gratitude with which we recognize the inexhaustible love of God, displayed in the bright hours of our joy, whispered in the consolation of our sorrows, and active, though hidden from our feeble sight, even in the darkest ways of his providence.

The feeling of the sublime is, in the lowest things, awakened, not by ignorance, but by knowledge; not by the perception that something is beyond our grasp, but by the perception that something can be known more and more perfectly forever. And the feeling of the sublime in religion — one form of the religious sentiment, and by some English philosophers mistaken for the whole of religion — is not, as those who make this mistake suppose, awakened by our ignorance of the attributes of God, nor by our perception that our ignorance is hopeless; but by a partial perception of those attributes themselves, and by the conviction

that our knowledge of them may, if we will, grow clearer and larger forever.

Those, therefore, who have rejected our Saviour's claims, have largely fallen into error in the very fundamentals of natural religion. It by no means follows that we have no basis of religious belief except in the Lord Jesus' word. That word is, indeed, our clearest source of light, and without it we should doubtless have been wandering, like other heathen, in gross darkness. But he appeals to us to test his word by the light of nature; and if we heed that appeal we shall not only find that his word will stand the test, but that the test is a real test, worthy of being applied to the word of the Son of God.

There are, in fact, as the seal of the oldest university in New England implies, "three great books opened" to us wherein we may learn one and the same "truth" to use "in the service of Christ and his church." The first book is the material creation, the elder scripture, written so plainly as to leave the ignorant without excuse, as St. Paul declares. The second is man's own heart and consciousness, whereby he interprets, and must necessarily interpret, all other writings, human or divine. The third is the word of revelation, which, according to our Christian belief, records truths not discovered by a study of nature, nor by an interrogation of consciousness, but absolutely revealed by God to prophets, and to his only Son.

We say, first, that in the material creation the main truths of religion are most distinctly stated. Quibble as men may about the limitations of personality, and the inapplicability of any terms of our human speech to the Infinite and Eternal First Cause, this still remains true, — that the order of nature is rational, is intelligible; that the universe is the embodiment of Thought, and that the highest achievement of the human intellect is simply the intelligent reading of a part of that infinitely complex, yet infinitely simple and connected thought. Doubt as men may concerning the analogies for and against the immortality of the soul, it still remains true that this very ability to read the thought em-

bodied in the universe shows our kindred to the Infinite and Eternal Spirit which formed it, thus giving the highest probability that we were made in the image of his Eternity. Nor can we doubt that nature records, in legible characters, the love of God. The beauty and the glory of the heavens and the earth; the adaptation of all things to human needs, in food and clothing, and in the various arts; the constant succession of the seasons, each bringing peculiar pleasures and peculiar blessings, — all bear witness to the love of God towards us: and this witness is not at all rendered invalid by the fact that there are many hours of suffering in human life, and many things in nature's economy dark and inscrutable to us. We do not doubt that we understand the main purport of a book of human writing simply because there may be passages in it that are above our comprehension.

Secondly, we say that the book of the human soul bears witness to God, and to the great truths of our relation to him. As the eye cannot remain long satisfied without an earthly horizon, and an outlook upward to the sky, so neither can the mind remain satisfied without tracing each problem until lost in the Infinite, and looking upward to recognize an Infinite Intellect, whose thoughts embrace the solution of every terrestrial problem; so neither can the heart, in its yearnings, rest satisfied without leaning for rest upon the unfathomable love of an Infinite and Perfect Being. This refusal of the intellect and of the heart to find repose in the attempt to solve the mysteries of our being, except by throwing all mysteries into one, — namely, the existence of the Self-existent God, — is itself one of the strongest proofs of his existence. The sweetest and most eloquent of modern pantheists acknowledges, that, when the deepest feelings of his heart are aroused, he leaves his pantheistic speculations and flies to the bosom of God, as to a Father who knows his wants, and will supply them with a Father's care. And is not this clear testimony of his heart worth more than any of the bewildered conclusions of his understanding?

But we would not forget that the book of outward nature, and the book of the human heart, have become so clear to us only because we have read them by the light which has been

poured in upon us from the third book, — the book of revelation. The appeals of Jesus, — to trust that He who framed the body will support its life, that He who feeds and guides the sparrow will care for me, that He who filled my heart with inexpressibly tender love for my children will also show toward me a Father's love, — these are the irresistible appeals which have opened my eyes to the tokens of the Divine presence and love in the world about me, and in the world within me.

He that would find the clear light of truth on the face of nature, and in his own heart, must, above all things, not neglect to gaze also, with reverent love, upon the first-born image of God, revealed to us in the person and character of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has brought life and immortality to light through his gospel, slaying also the enmity of our hearts, and reconciling us to God by his mediation and sacrifice for us.

HYMN.

O THOU, whose boundless power and love
Still with unerring wisdom move,
And, thy grand purpose to fulfill,
Command creation at thy will, —

What duty or what bliss have I
But trustful in thy hand to lie?
My only strength and wisdom, Lord,
Are strict obedience to thy word.

Let not my wayward passions draw
My rebel heart to hate thy law;
But let almighty grace control,
To sweet submission, all my soul.

The joys and comforts I have known
Flowed from thy bounteous hand alone
Let all my hope and longing be
To find, forever, joy in thee

DARWINISM, OR EVOLUTION.

BY REV. R. P. STEBBINS, D.D.

[We have no special interest in the subject of the following essay. We published Mr. Calthrop's article, not because he believes in the theory of Evolution, but because, while he believes in it, he asserts that such a belief is in no wise inconsistent with a belief in Christianity. The treatment of the subject, merely as a scientific question, lies outside of the field which properly belongs to a religious journal, and takes us into a discussion which we are wholly incompetent to manage. As one side has already been heard, we very willingly make room for a statement on the other side.

So far as our philosophy of religion, or our faith in Christianity, is concerned, we are entirely impartial witnesses in the case. Nothing in the life or teachings of Jesus is involved in the controversy, so far as we can see. — ED.]

THERE is a very wide difference between receiving Evolution as an hypothesis, as Huxley does, or of receiving it as a law, as John Fiske and some other men, who are not naturalists, and a few who are, do. As a theory, to be proved or disproved as discovered evidence may justify, or as an hypothesis to aid the student in his inquiries, it is serving one of the best of purposes. But to urge that it is even now to be admitted among the proved laws of matter is quite premature; and to denounce every scholar who does not admit it to be a law partakes of bigotry quite unbecoming men of science.

The doctrine of Evolution is presented to our acceptance in two forms: one, the Darwinian, that all species have been produced from other species, by incrementation or gradual changes in organization, little by little, till, for illustration, a duck became a goose, a goat a sheep, a zebra a horse. The other form is that, by some process or operation, the germ of a duck's egg was so changed that a goose was hatched, the germ in the conception of a goat was so changed that it gave birth to a lamb, and that of a zebra so that it gave birth to a colt. This is the theory of Evolution by leaps, jumps, and to which Huxley and many others seem to lean.

Many of the most eminent scientific men tell us that they do not find any satisfactory evidence that any new species has been produced by slight incrementations upon the structure of an old one. And others tell us there is no such thing as a new species produced from the ovum of an old one, either bird or mammal. What is a man who is but moderately skilled in natural science to do? Obviously he is to examine the alleged facts, and especially the reasoning from these alleged facts, and see whether the facts are reliable and the reasoning sound.

About the *facts* there need be little doubt; for respecting these the scientists are, for the most part, agreed. That such fossils are found in the rocks, and in such an order, is generally agreed. That such plants and such animals are found in such zones, and were of such structures and habits, there is no disagreement which affects the testimony. The facts may therefore be accepted.

There is, however, a difference of opinion to some extent respecting what constitutes a species, and this difference will sometimes very seriously affect the conclusions drawn from the facts adduced.

The most eminent and most reliable portion of scientists maintain that a species cannot beget offspring of another species; or, if offspring is begotten, it will be barren, incapable of propagating its kind, as the mule the hybrid of the horse and the ass. All are agreed that great varieties can be produced in a species, monsters may be born, but these are not species: they cannot produce offspring by intermingling. How many varieties of sheep there are; but they all cohabit, and only sheep are the progeny of sheep,—never a goat. So of swine, so of cattle; and of plants the same. How many varieties of corn, of wheat, of potatoes (Irish); yet all these produce their species, no other. There have been no discoveries or experiments to prove the contrary. All Darwin's doves are one species.

True, the gardener may take a particular species of fern, and produce from it varieties so peculiar that you would not recognize the original; but he has not produced a different

species, and they will all fructify each other if the germs can be mingled. And, if neglected, these varieties will, very probably, in due time disappear, and take on the original form; for all variations seek their original form with great strength. Ativism, seeking their original structure by all varieties, is one of the laws of nature.

It is no proof, therefore, that the different species of ferns were produced by the transformation of one species into another, or by one species producing another species, because so many and different varieties are produced by them. Nor is it proof that nature, without human assistance, produces any varieties even. But admit it as not improbable, it would follow that many of the fossils which are supposed to be different species of the same germs may be only different varieties of the same species. How can their specific character be tested? We cannot determine whether they will propagate with each other, for they are fossils.

The same is true of shells as of plants. Two shells of different species may appear very much alike, and while the so-called typical specimens of two species may be quite clearly recognized, varieties under both may exist so similar that it is very difficult to distinguish them. Does it follow that one of these species has gradually passed out of itself, and gradually passed up into another and new species? Not at all. If we reason from what we know of species that is impossible. But it is not impossible that there should be varieties of two nearly related species so nearly resembling each other that they would be distinguished with great difficulty. We do not ask any man what he thinks about it, or what his opinion is,—we want his facts and his reasoning, and we are perfectly competent to judge of his reasoning. If he admits, as he must and does, that no change in species has taken place within the knowledge and under the cognizance of man, and that no human ingenuity and manipulation has been able to produce a new species from an existing one, by what sort of logic does he prove that just this thing did take place in the early ages of the earth? It is not reasoning, it is pure assumption, mere hypothesis.

Does the evolutionist say, "New species did appear in the geologic ages, that is a fact. Now there is no reasonable way to account for the fact, except that one species produced another, the old one often dying out, the new one surviving." Now that way of accounting for it is perfectly unreasonable, merely assumption; for no such process is known to have taken place: but it is shown, on the contrary, by everything which we know of nature, to be a violation of one of her most universal and established laws, — namely, that one species does not, and cannot, even by human manipulation, produce another species.

If it is asked, How, then, did these different species come into existence? the answer is, By the same power which produced the first plant or animal of any species. It must be admitted that there was a first plant which has propagated the rest of the species; and the power which produced that plant, it is philosophical to believe, produced the first plant of all the different species, — not that they have been produced by a process which all observation contradicts.

I know there is an appeal made with great confidence to apparent progress by generative variations from the palæotherium up to the horse. Now, does it follow, because the "three functional toes of the palæotherium gradually grow smaller all along the series" of fossil horses (so to call them) "till in the horse they are simply rudimental," that these different species were descendants of each other? It would be just as philosophical to argue that as the mule is larger and more horse like than the ass, and the horse is a decided improvement on the mule, in head, tail, and form, that the ass begot the mule and the mule the horse; or that, as the ears of the ass grow gradually shorter to the horse, therefore the horse is descended from the ass, which we know is false; or that the quail produced the partridge, and the partridge the hen; or that the bobolink is father of the red-wing blackbird, which is more uniformly black; the red-wing blackbird of the crow blackbird, which is entirely black; and the crow blackbird of the crow, which is larger, and seems to finish the line of progeny. Such reasoning would be simply

laughed at to-day respecting creatures of slight differences which exist at this time. Take the whole monkey tribe, and a series could be made resembling each other as closely as the different (so-called) species resemble each other between the palæotherium and the horse. And we know that no art of man can produce from one of these species of birds or animals another species. It is unphilosophical to the last degree to infer that these fossil species, similar as they are, progressive as they are, are descendants of different species. The presumption is as strong *a priori* that the crow is the descendant of the bobolink, the horse of the ass, the hen of the quail, the chimpanzee of the pithecia, as that the horse is a descendant of the palæotherium. To sustain a theory a course of reasoning is adopted which is so palpably false, in view of the facts, that not even the monstrous fossils are more wonderful. We must reason from what we *know* of animal and vegetable life to-day when we reason respecting the origin and succession of the fossils; and *so* reasoning, there is not a shadow of evidence that one species has produced another and different species since God said, "Let there be light, and there was light,"—since life appeared upon the earth.

The true logical method of discussing the facts of Palæontology is this: we must reason from what we *know* of the laws of life in animals and plants *now living* to the laws of life which existed when these fossils were living; and it is illogical to assume or infer that those laws were then different from what they now are, except upon the most indubitable testimony of facts. Such testimony is *not* yet given. When it is given, it will be early enough to believe that new laws of life have been introduced upon the earth since the Palæontological era.

After this had been written, I chanced to open Huxley's "Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews." And I find his views, respecting the only solid basis of reasoning on this subject, to correspond with the one above laid down. He says, "The only way in which it [the 'hypothesis of progressive modification,' which is Darwinism] can be demonstrated"

is "by observation and experiment upon *existing forms of life*." He mentions an interesting fact showing how hazardous it is to draw conclusions from imperfectly examined premises, and build up systems on a few isolated facts. It was found that of the labyrinthodont the archegosaurus, of the Carboniferous period, had very imperfectly developed vertebral centra, while Triassic mastodonsaurus had the same parts completely ossified; thus showing that time had given the later species, descended from the former, opportunity to construct a good backbone,—as supposed, a very apt confirmation of the development theory. But it so happened while Huxley's "Address" was passing through the press, evidence was laid before him of the existence of a new labyrinthodont (pholidogaster), from the Edinburgh coal field, with *well ossified vertebral centra*! So all the evidence of evolution derived from the other two specimens was destroyed,—and yet that evidence was as good as any that exists. The rest may be as effectually destroyed by further *specimens* as it is already destroyed by true scientific *reasoning* on the specimens, the facts, now attained.

As I am quoting from Huxley, a few further extracts may not be out of place as showing that the "hypothesis" of evolution is by no means considered proven and established as a law by the most eminent naturalists. Having gone over the whole field, and criticized each class of variations, he asks, in conclusion, "What, then, does an impartial survey of the positively ascertained truths of Palæontology testify in relation to the common doctrines of progressive modification, which suppose that modification to have taken place by a necessary progress from more or less embryonic, or more or less generalized types, within the limits of the period represented by the fossiliferous rock? *It negatives those doctrines*; for it either shows us *no* evidence of such modification, or demonstrates it to have been *very* slight. . . . Such are the results of Palæontology as they appear, and have for years appeared, to the mind of an inquirer who regards that study simply as one of the applications of the great biological sciences, and who desires to see it placed upon the same sound

basis as other branches of physical inquiry." So much for Huxley himself.

He makes some quotations from Prof. Kölliker's "Critical Essay upon the Darwinian Theory," which it may be well to add to those already made. Prof. Kölliker, "the well-known anatomist and histologist of Wurzburg," says, "No transitional forms between existing species are known; and known varieties, whether selected or spontaneous, never go so far as to establish new species." He further says that "no transitional forms of animals are met with among the organic remains of earlier epochs." He means, of course, that those forms which *seem* to be transitional, and by some are assumed to be really transitional, are only seeming, not real. For there are as apparently transitional forms among animals to-day as among the remains of animals in the rocks. The duck, the goose, and the swan as clearly indicate transitional forms as the anchitherium hipparion and horse. Or, to take an illustration from the same order, the ass, the zebra, and the horse, when only the bones are examined, exhibit much more strikingly transitional forms than the palæotherium, paloplotherium, anchitherium, and hipparion. Of the former we *know* that they are not, and cannot be, descendants of the first, that they are not transitional forms, — how unphilosophical and illogical then to maintain that the latter *are* transitional forms!

Kölliker accepts the Evolution hypothesis, but not in the form presented by either Darwin or Huxley.

Whether it will ever be shown to be more than an hypothesis, no careful observer and reasoner would affirm or deny. Certainly there are no facts, which change it from an hypothesis into a law, as yet presented. On the contrary, if the laws of the fauna and flora of past ages are to be determined at this time in view of present facts, by the laws which now prevail, the hypothesis is without any solid foundation.

NOTE. — The writer of the above article is not hindered from accepting the theory of Evolution because he thinks it conflicts with Christianity, but with known facts. He would not find it necessary to change a word in his old sermons should he accept the theory.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.*

BY MRS. L. J. K. GIFFORD.

O manger-cradled Babe,
With star above thy head,
And wise men bowing at thy feet,
To thee let us be led.

Blessed be thy natal hour !
For life to thee on earth
Was life to all the sons of men, —
A new and holier birth.

We come to crown this hour,
And love's own tribute bring,
Through voice of song and praise and prayer, —
Oh, take our offering !

We twine the votive wreath,
Of fadeless verdure fair,
And with pure hands unto our Lord
These garlands we would bear.

O Saviour of our souls,
By thee we live to-day :
Thy life's full measure of thy truth
Doth mark the living way.

O Saviour, Christ, the Lord,
In thee is fullness still !
For man hath found no truer Guide
Unto the Perfect Will.

* Written for the Christmas services held at Divinity Hall, Cambridge, Mass., 1866.

PROVIDENCE.

BY J. H. M.

THERE is an overruling Providence which reaches down into the minutest events, and causes them to succeed or fail. Men say, "I believe in a general, but not in a particular or special Providence." But if there is a general or universal Providence, it must include in its universal care every individual case. If there is a single creature or event left unregarded, then there is no such thing as a general Providence. When I try to take into my thought the infinite mind which includes all things within its care and notice, I think of what is called a general Providence. When I think of a child watched over and protected by the benignant care and love of God, I think of this same general Providence in its relation to a single case. A special Providence is only the universal Providence of God in its specific application to each individual case.

The general Providence of God is regulated by the laws of God, or rather it is but another name by which to express the laws of God. For what is a law of God, or a law of nature, but the method by which God acts in that particular department of his kingdom? The law of gravitation is only the method by which God preserves the different parts of the material world in orderly and harmonious relations. And thus it is that no planet moves, no star shines, no cloud passes over the horizon, no clover loaded with rain-drops bows its head, except in obedience to the universal Providence of God. And when we single out an individual case, we come from the general law to its specific act. We call in no new power or method of action. We no longer meditate on God in his relation to the whole material universe. We pause before him in a single act. We hold up the lily, examine it with minute care, and in the perfection of its workmanship, in the loveliness with which it is adorned, and the sweetness which it breathes out upon us, we see the spirit and the love of God,

flowing into its life, and flowing into our hearts. I cannot separate the slightest handiwork of God from him, or view it otherwise than as a living expression of his present care and thought.

"But then, if this is all, God's Providence is imprisoned within his laws." No. On the contrary, God's laws are the free and spontaneous action of his own all-wise and beneficent will. Instead of reducing God's Providence to a fixed, unfeeling law, we see in each law, unvarying as it may seem to us, a free expression of his own mind. God is not imprisoned in matter, as by an eternal necessity from which there is no escape, but matter is the fluent, ever-changing expression of the divine mind, adapted by him to every altered relation or condition in the existence of every one of his creatures.

I live in God's presence. I see him in the stars, in the clouds, in the winds — all of which speak to me in such varied tones according to the moods in which they find me.

He speaks to us in accordance with the laws of his nature. A being of infinite perfections cannot, like a capricious child, change his conduct to meet our unreasonable wishes. In order, therefore, that it may work out its beneficent designs for us, we must put ourselves in harmony with its laws. We must seek to live as we know that he would have us live. "I hope," said some one to President Lincoln, "that the Lord will be on our side." "I am not at all concerned about that," he replied, "for I know that the Lord is always on the side of right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side." The Lord of all worlds, a being of infinite love and wisdom and goodness, is not to be drawn over from his wise and just and merciful designs to take sides with us. If we would secure his favor, if we would turn his universal Providence into a special Providence for us, so that he may work for us, and insure our success, we must put ourselves on his side. We must make our plans conform to his laws. We must seek, first of all, to do his will, and then we may be sure that he will help us to do our work.

I believe in prayer — not merely as a necessity of our be-

ing — the passionate, but unavailing cry of a helpless creature in distress ; but as a want of our nature by which God would bind us to himself, — as a law of our nature by which God would bring us into accordance with his will, — as a means of religious growth and life, lifting us nearer to God and drawing him more tenderly to us. But then we must pray only for what God can approve. No object which we earnestly desire can be too small to be an object of prayer, or to be granted in answer to our request. With him, the difference between what seems to us great or small, may be only as the fine dust in the balance. But then what we ask in prayer must be something which it is right for us to ask. I may ask for a fortune at the expense of my neighbor. But can God answer so selfish a request ? I may pray that he will help me in some unjust or foolish undertaking. But that element of injustice violates the very first condition of prayer. God will not work with those who thus violate his laws, and even if the fortune should be granted or the unjust act apparently succeed, there is in our very success an element of retribution which sooner or later will make itself felt.

In order to secure the favor of God in his Providence, we must seek to do his will, that is, to obey his laws. If I plant my corn on a naked rock, or leave the weeds undisturbed around it, I do not expect him by any arbitrary exertion of his Providence to interpose in my behalf, and secure for me an abundant harvest. I must work with him, that is, in accordance with his law, if I would have him work with me for my good. And this holds true, not in material things alone, but up through all the stages of our moral and spiritual being.

We may gain money by obeying the laws of trade. But if, in so doing, we violate the laws of justice or truth, those laws arraign us before the judgment-seat of God, and his Providence smites us down to the dust. We may seem to prosper. The material walls of our house may seem to be rising visibly before us. But in the higher sense in which alone it can be a fit habitation for a social, spiritual, and immortal being, God is not building with us ; and sooner or later we shall find that

we have been laboring in vain. The fortune that has been gained by injustice or fraud, no matter how great it may be, is one which will rest heavily on the soul of its possessor, and will not carry the blessing of God with it to those who come after him. There is the contagion of a moral leprosy hidden within it.

He who gains by honest means, and he alone, is rich. No other than an honest man has, in sight of heaven, a title to the property which he holds. And farther than this, we may say that only he who knows how to use property wisely and beneficently is truly rich. With him God is building better than he knows. While, for the sake of others, he denies himself a costly position or some other token of luxury or magnificence, to common eyes there may seem a sad defect. God is building invisibly around him, in the richer satisfactions of his own heart, an everlasting habitation which encirches him now and which shall receive him when the costliest of earthly fabrics falls to dust.

We work, and God works with us or against us, according to the temper in which our work is done. Invisible agencies, that we think not of, are around us. What we see is not all. The invisible life that we cherish in our souls infuses itself into our labors, and becomes a part of the house which we are building. The kind-hearted, courteous gentleman, whose deference to others was the natural impulse of a kindly spirit, who never could see any one in suffering without a spontaneous movement for his relief, who injured no man even by an unfriendly word or wish, whose deeds of charity went where he would not allow his name to be spoken in connection with them, at whose death the light of many a poor man's dwelling was suddenly darkened, and whose memory is cherished with tears and benedictions in many a weary heart, — his earthly home may have been saddened, — his lot may have seemed lonely; but unseen agents were building around him a home of gracious and gentle affections which went with him where he went, which kept his heart as loving and as trusting as the heart of a child, and which better than any creed or ritual prepared him for that world of which

our Saviour spoke when he placed a little child in the midst of his disciples, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It is a meagre view of life which takes in only what the eye can see. For a spiritual and immortal being, that is a wretched habitation which is built entirely of the materials furnished by an earthly prosperity. Higher and nobler elements must enter into its construction, or it will be no home for us. Its corner-stone should be laid with prayer and the consecration of ourselves as well as of our work. Its different materials must all be bound together by an integrity of character which admits of no seam or rent. Its walls must be adorned by images of purity and gentleness, and Christian love and faith, amid which from long habits of familiarity we delight to dwell. The perfume of loving affections, hallowed by prayer, must greet us as we enter its private apartments. The food we find there must be tasted with a keener relish from the consciousness that it has been gained by no act of injustice and that we do not eat our morsel alone, but that others also are allowed to rejoice in our success.

If in simplicity and good sincerity we seek to build up such a home, God will labor with us, and we cannot fail. For want of this faith in him and in the higher elements of happiness and usefulness, how many lives, which seem outwardly most prosperous, are smitten inwardly with a fatal blight. And how many a goodly house, builded by the labors of a life-time, and looked upon with admiration or envy, is found to be an inconvenient and unhappy home to those who dwell within it. How many of those who have worked the hardest and with the greatest apparent success feel at last that all is vanity!

Prof. Silliman, in one of his letters, speaks of a long interview which he had with Daniel Webster a short time before that great man's death. At its close, Mr. Webster said in his most solemn and emphatic manner, "I have given my life to law and politics. Law is uncertain and politics are utterly vain; but there is a noble certainty in science which commands my admiration, and I should be willing to spend my remaining days in the study of science." Here was the re-

gret of a great mind who felt the absolute necessity of something better than outward success. Science is a knowledge of the laws of God. In its largest sense, it includes all the laws of God which belong to our present and future well-being. Well might the greatest intellect of his time have spent his last days in entering into this study, going behind the arbitrary laws of man, which are changeable and uncertain, to the laws of moral rectitude, which are the only sure basis for human laws,—going behind the political measures of the day which are utterly vain to the eternal principles of public justice and expediency by means of which human governments are framed after the pattern of the divine rule, and “the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.” Here would have been a study and a work worthy indeed of the mightiest mind with which God ever endows a human being.

But this same work of living in accordance with the will and the laws of God is the one essential condition of success with every one of us. Beneath the external walls of this outward prosperity for which we toil and strive, are unseen laws by which God is working with us if we obey them, and against us if we disregard them.

HEAVEN'S TEAR.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICH RUCKERT.

A TEAR from the heavens dropped down to the sea ;
 To loss in those waters resigned it must be.
 A muscle caught it as it fell :
 “ Be thou a pearl within my shell !
 So shall the billows fright thee never,
 I'll carry thee in peace forever.”
 Thou joy, thou grief, my spirit's guest,
 Thou heavenly tear within my breast !
 That I this pure drop to my keeping given
 May bear in a pure soul, — oh, grant it, Heaven !

S. C. R.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

NOAH PORTER, D.D.

[We have been reading a very interesting account of the oldest meeting-house now occupied by a religious society in the United States. It was erected in Hingham, Mass., in 1681. It has been repaired and altered many times, but still retains externally very nearly its original features, and is a comely and comfortable as well as a most venerable house of worship. Four years ago, when it was re-opened after extensive repairs and alterations, the saintly pastor, Rev. Calvin Lincoln, preached a very appropriate and impressive discourse, which has recently been published with a carefully prepared historical appendix.

We have also just been reading a similar discourse, "delivered at the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the erection of the Congregational Church, Farmington, Conn., Oct. 16, 1872, by Noah Porter, D.D., President of Yale College." Pres. Porter's father had been for sixty years the pastor of the church in Farmington, his native town. As very few of our readers will be likely to see this instructive and valuable discourse, we offer them an article made up of liberal extracts from it. We could hardly present a more vivid or more pleasant picture of this side of our New England country life. The whole discourse is filled with weighty lessons of wisdom, sometimes lighted up by humorous recollections, but oftener toned down and mellowed by the religious affections and emotions of one whose deepest early-experiences had been closely associated with the old church. — Ed.]

THIS edifice has been used as a place for public worship almost a hundred years. The "Dedication Lecture" was preached Nov. 25th, 1772, and on "the Sabbath" following the congregation began to occupy this house as their place of worship.

It seems scarcely credible that the world of thought and feeling could be what we know it was, when this old church was new; that the manners and institutions, the opinions and principles, the inner life and the outward civilization of Christendom, have undergone such marvelous changes, while this house has been standing here, and looking out upon the stream of progress that has rushed so swiftly by.

As we enter it to-day to honor its fresh and green old age, we are almost impelled to regard it as a living person, and reverently and lovingly to question it concerning the past, which it has watched in the busy days, and thought of in the silent nights, during the long years in which it has been keeping sentry on this hill-side.

Or, if the fiction be too bold which makes it a person, surely that is not too daring which believes it to be filled at this hour with the spirits of the departed, whose feet have trod in these aisles, whose eyes have looked familiarly upon these walls, and whose instructed minds and reverent hearts have interpreted the course of events, both public and private, local and national, in the light of the divine purposes and the promised redemption of man. It is as one awed and elevated by their presence that I would speak, — with faithful truth, yet with affectionate interest in the past history of the community, which for a century has known and honored this as the house of God.

First, as is appropriate, I would speak of the edifice and its construction. The first recorded movement towards the erection of this building was on Feb. 2d, 1767, when, at a meeting of the parish, fifty-four voted, twenty-four being in the negative, that it was necessary to build a meeting-house in the first society of Farmington, and Solomon Whitman was directed to apply to the county court to fix the site for the edifice.

Nothing further seems to have been done before December 21st, when it was voted "that a judicious committee should be called to give their opinion whether it was expedient to build a new, or repair the old, structure." Dec. 30th, three builders, probably residing in the neighboring parishes, were selected as this committee. They reported in April, 1768, that the old meeting-house was not worth repairing.

It was not, however, till Feb. 6th, 1769, that the decisive vote was taken (fifty-three against twelve) to build this church. Another agent, Mr. John Strong, was selected to apply to the county court to fix the place, it being stipulated that it should be within this plot of ground. One penny in a pound was voted to procure timber; and Capt. Judah Woodruff and Mr. Fisher Gay were chosen a committee "to procure thick stuff for the building." Hezekiah Wadsworth and Isaac Bidwell were subsequently added (Dec. 18th, 1769) to these two.

In December, 1770, the movements became earnest and decisive. It was resolved that the timber should be cut that winter, that the house should be seventy-five feet long and fifty in breadth, and that it should be framed and set up the following spring or "fore part of summer." That this was done is evident from the inscription on the foundation, "July, 1771."

The two persons who deserve to be named as active in its con-

struction are Col. Fisher Gay and Capt. Judah Woodruff. Mr. Gay was one of the two or three leading merchants of the village, and a public-spirited and intelligent man. In obedience to the vote of 1769, he and Capt. Woodruff went to Boston for timber, which was brought from the then province of Maine, and was of the choicest quality. Capt. Woodruff was the architect and master-builder, and the tools with which he wrought are many of them preserved to this day. He died in 1799, aged seventy-nine, having been about fifty when the church was built. It is suprising that so good work could have been wrought with so few and such rude appliances. To his skill and thoroughness the village is indebted for many of its most substantial dwellings. These houses mark an era in the architecture of the village, and their workmanship is in striking contrast with that of all the older dwellings. Among these earlier houses two or three classes are also easily distinguishable, as to their age and style of construction. Upon this church Capt. Woodruff bestowed the utmost care, — carving out with his knife the capitals on the pulpit, and the fine work of the sounding-board, in which the wondrous green vines were conspicuous, which were the admiration of other generations. He spared no labor or care that the materials should be of the best, and that the work should be most thoroughly done. We have no information as to where he found the design of the edifice. We only know that this, like many other of the best churches in New England, has a general resemblance to the Old South Church in Boston, which was erected in 1729-30. The interior of this house was divided on the ground floor by aisles, as at present, except that a row of square pews was placed along the walls on every side, a pew in each corner, with one or two benches by the north and the south doors. An aisle extended from the west door to the pulpit, as at present, another aisle from the south to the north door, the two dividing the body of the house into four blocks, each containing six pews. All these remained unpainted till they were removed in 1836, and in them all not a defect or knot was to be seen.

Looking down upon the middle aisle was the formidable pulpit, with a window behind it. It was reached by a staircase on the north side, and was overhung by a wondrous canopy of wood, with a roof like the dome of a Turkish mosque, attached to the wall behind by some hidden device, which stimulated the speculative inquiries of the boys, long before they could comprehend the graver mysteries to which it was supposed to give resonant emphasis.

Along the front of the pulpit was the deacons' seat, in which sat two worthies whose saintly dignity shone with added luster and solemnity on the days of holy communion. On the right of the pulpit was the minister's pew, and on the left the pew for those who were widows indeed, in dependence as well as in loneliness. From this narrow pew there opened a door beneath the pulpit into a closet, of which it was fabled that it was reserved by the tithing-man for boys especially unruly in behavior. The gallery was surrounded by a row of pews, with three rows of long benches in front, rising, as is usual, above one another.

The place where this house was erected was known as the "Meeting-House Green" as early as 1718, as a new school-house was directed to be built upon the place, with this designation: "near where the old chestnut-tree stood," which was doubtless one of the noble remnants of the original forest. As early as 1743, a general permission was granted to such farmers as lived at a distance to erect small houses along the fences, on either side of this green, for their comfort on the Sabbath, or, as it was phrased, for "their duds and horses." Two such houses stood on the east line, near the town pound, within the memory of many, as late as 1818 or 1820. Repeated encroachments have been made upon this enclosure, which have been now and then stoutly resisted. The only record of any early effort to make the place attractive is found in the vote which directs the Committee "to bank up decently the new meeting-house." At what time the ever-memorable Lombardy poplars were planted, which so long surrounded the church and the green, we do not know. We know that they lined the village street, and were planted in double rows through the cemetery. In 1806, we find the committee directed to secure the shade trees set out on the green in such manner as they think proper, and also "to erect a railing or posts to hitch horses to." These poplars were planted some eight or ten feet distant from the meeting-house, and about the same distance from one another in front and rear. A double line attended the walk to the front door. Another row bordered the path along near the village street. I can well remember when the horses, attached to wagons and other vehicles, were tied during service time along the street on either side in front; also behind at the railing which guarded the sacred poplars. In a hot summer afternoon the stamp and occasional scream of these horses often saluted the ear during sermon-time, while the swaying sprays and flickering leaves of the poplars met the eye through the staring

windows. Now and then one or two of the many sturdy hearers — of whom a score might be standing divested of their heavy coats, to keep themselves reverently awake, after a hot week of harvest work — would go out quietly to adjust some strife among the horses, or to extricate an unlucky steed from a serious entanglement.

Strange as it may appear, no sheds for horses were erected before 1844, long after the other extensive alterations were effected, although the necessity of providing them was earnestly pressed as early as 1807. There was, however, at the north end of the house beyond the steeple, a primitive "horse-block," some five or six feet long, three feet wide and two feet high, of native red sandstone, along which many a two-horse wagon has driven and hastily received its living freight of sturdy sons and laughing daughters, while the horses were rearing and plunging till they were off in dust and wind and sleet. Where now are all those simple and earnest souls, so many of whom cherished so carefully those words of love and hope from the pulpit, which cheered their ride homeward and soothed and elevated the labors of the following week? The whipping-post must not be forgotten, from which now and then fearful screams in the week-time would penetrate the closed windows of the neighboring school-house, and appall the younger children, while the older and more hardened boys looked significantly at the master's rod or ferule. Chained to the whipping-post were the stocks, in which now and then a drunken vagabond found himself encased, but which in the course of nature decayed, and survived in disgraceful impotence long after their occupation was gone.

The parish was large, and every "Sabbath day" hundreds came from every quarter to fill this spacious house. From Red Stone Hill and the Great Plains on the southwest, from Lovelytown on the far northwest through the Langdon Quarter, from Scott's Swamp to the line of Bristol, from the woods of Burlington on the west, from the remotest Eastern Farms, from Cider Brook on the river, from the distant parts of White Oak to its mountain pass, and along its mountain slope, and from all the many farm houses and thrifty farms between, — more numerous and more thrifty than now, with families that also were far more numerous then, — trooped every pleasant Sunday morning hundreds upon hundreds, the elders on horseback, with their wives on pillions behind, the sturdy sons on half-broken colts, and the daughters on the gentler fillies, now and

then a household in a heavy farm wagon laden with half a score, till seven or eight hundred filled up the pews below and swarmed in the galleries. The Sabbath was the gathering day for the tribe; for to the duty of waiting on the Lord Jehovah all were drawn by social excitement, as well as prompted by conscience and duty, by habit and tradition, by the fear of God and of man. Whosoever in the large parish failed to be an habitual attendant at this one house of prayer showed most unmistakably that he feared not God, neither regarded man. He became literally a social outlaw. His house and his farm were regarded as accursed; for he had deliberately disowned the covenant and forsaken the temple of the living God!

But the Puritan meeting-house of a New England village, it should be remembered, held other relations to the community than those of a place of worship. These special relations we may not overlook in commemorating one of the few of these old Puritan meeting-houses, which was erected at a time when these influences were fully recognized, and in which they have continued as long as in most of the New England towns. The Puritan meeting-house was freely used for other assemblies than those convened for religious worship, for the reason that the Puritan believed so fervently in the application of Christian principles to all the departments of life. These truths were, first and foremost, to be applied to the inner springs of action in the heart; next to the external conduct; and last, but not least, to the ordering of that self-governed society of freemen, the New England town, which, in the heart of the Puritan, was honored as an ordinance of God.

When the Puritan community built its meeting-house, it devoted it primarily to the uses of religious worship,—primarily, but not exclusively; for, if it could also serve the political or the educational necessities of the community better than any other edifice, it was freely employed for such uses. To close the doors of the sanctuary against assemblies of this kind was regarded by the Puritans as gross superstition, akin to the idolatry of the altar and the priesthood.

The Puritan did not honor the house of Christian worship as such by superstitious reverence. He was careful not to uncover his head in the week time when he entered its walls, for the same reason that he would not bow to what was called an altar because he deemed it a sin to worship any material semblance or symbol. But if he did not reverence the house as a structure, he was care-

ful to honor it when it was used as a place of worship. When the Lord was in his holy temple, he never forgot that he should keep silence before him. No man was more careful in his attendance, or more reverent in his demeanor, when God was presast with his people in his house, or when Christ had come into the midst of two or three disciples who were assembled in his name.

It is singular that those who are most ready to charge the Puritans with unchristian irreverence for their free use of the meeting-house are also most forward to charge them with Judaical superstition. In principle they were less Judaical than their opponents. Both were Judaical in a degree, but the non-ritualistic Puritans least of the two. The opponents of the Puritans treated the church as a temple, the eucharist as a sacrifice, its administrators as priests qualified to mediate between God and man by virtue of an apostolic succession, and holding the keys of the kingdom of heaven through sacramental rites. The Puritans protested that the hour had already come when men should no longer say that in Jerusalem only men ought to worship, and that all men worship the Father who worship him in spirit and in truth. Concerning the state, their opponents held that it was ordained of God in the Jewish way, by hereditary descent and divine right,—symbolized by priestly anointing. The Puritans held that as in the church, so in the state, it was from the free election of its constituent members that all its rulers proceed, and to the decisions of its organized assemblies alone divine authority belong. That the iconoclastic zeal and the zealous protests of the Puritan may not have led him to excess in the disregard of consecrated places and of outward observances, I do not contend; but that, as between the two, the non-conformist was the least of a Jew and a devotee of superstition, we may fairly conclude. While both parties were Judaical in their spirit, the Anglican was a Jewish ritualist, who clung to forms and rites with minute punctiliousness; while the Puritan was a Jewish prophet, who boldly and sternly rebuked everything which might take the place of spiritual worship, and searched the heart with severest scrutiny. Neither had effectually learned that the Christian church has not “received the spirit of bondage unto fear, but the spirit of adoption,” which is also a spirit “of power, of love, and of a sound mind.”

But whether we approve or condemn, the fact cannot be questioned that the regular town meetings were held in this edifice till 1830, when the society politely bowed out the town by placing at

its disposal the Union Hall in the academy building. It is worthy of notice, however, that at the first meeting of the parish after the dedication, in December, 1772, it was voted to give the town the materials from the old church for building a town-house on this plat. It is probable that the parish was more moved in this act by its concern for the newly finished edifice, than by any feeling of its special sacredness. There was soon pressing and frequent occasion for town meetings that were anxious and thronged; meetings that were grave and solemn,—in which the help of God was required and fervently sought for. Scarcely had this house been dedicated by this community, when, after a brief respite of some ten years from the sacrifices and exposures of wasting war, it was excited by those more alarming premonitions which, in two and a half years, were followed by the contests at Lexington and Bunker Hill. These contests were preceded and followed by a succession of town meetings, in which this house was thronged by excited multitudes, and this green was dotted by earnest groups and crowds, now whispering and pointing to this and that suspected traitor, or gesticulating with determined resolve.

The meeting-house contributed to the education of the people most efficiently by its direct instrumentalities, by the Sabbath neatness and order and decorum which it enforced, by the universal respite from secular occupations, and by the well-reasoned sermons which were pronounced from the pulpit to hundreds of thoughtful listeners. The arguments of these sermons concerned the immortal interests of men; their appeals waked up the most stirring emotions. Many of their hearers during the following week pondered on what they heard, and esteemed the words of the preacher more than their necessary food. For more than one generation, while this edifice has stood, the Sunday sermons took the place which is now largely usurped by books and newspapers and social intercourse. The truths which were discussed in this pulpit, the principles which were enforced, the quickening seed-thoughts which were uttered, the kindling and elevating pictures which were portrayed, and the eloquent expostulations which were sent home to the heart, furnished of themselves an education the value and efficiency of which cannot easily be over-estimated. If theology is the haven and Sabbath of all man's contemplations, then a theology earnestly and plainly preached is of itself an efficient instrument of culture.

The New England pulpit has usually been an instructive pulpit.

The New England ministry has not usually failed in definite opinions, or feared to utter them. The New England meeting-house has been the sanctuary of the freest and boldest discussion of all the truths which bear upon man's salvation in the life to come, or his duties in the life that now is. The boldness and independence of this ministry have been its strength. It has neither sought to soften the truth nor to conceal it, but by manifestation of the truth has commended itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God.

This leads me to notice what this old meeting-house has contributed, and what it has witnessed, in the way of forming and reforming the public morals. If the Puritan minister was at times over definite and confident in laying down the doctrines of the gospel in all the ramifications of a metaphysical system, he certainly did not shrink from expressing his mind in regard to the duties which the gospel enforced, nor in applying its rules to the lives of his own flock. There certainly has been no deficiency in this meeting-house in this regard. If the merchants and capitalists of Farmington were ever lax in inserting certain descriptions of property in their tax-list, it was not for the lack of faithful admonition from the pastor. If the youth were tempted to excessive laxity in amusements, they heard a timely word.

When the attention of the churches of New England was called to the ravages of intemperance, this church responded with zeal to the summons. When the first and second and third temperance movements were made, — namely, abstinence from distilled liquors, from everything which can intoxicate, and the Washingtonian reform, — this meeting-house heard many a sermon from the pastor on the Sabbath, and many an address and a discussion from the pastor and others on week days, in respect to the teachings of the scriptures and the legitimate deductions from them. This meeting-house was efficient in driving out the numerous distilleries which once filled the parish and the town, as well as in making the indiscriminate sale of liquors to be disreputable. Whatever any man may think of some extremes in principle and temper which may have been exhibited in this movement, no one can doubt that the movement itself has done much to redeem the community from a blighting curse.

The anti slavery movement was taken up at an early period and prosecuted with great earnestness. This and anti-masonry occasioned decided differences of opinion in respect to the interpretation

of the Scriptures, and the proper attitude which should be assumed by the church toward masonry and slave-holding. These differences were attended by many uncomfortable results and not a little excited feeling. Whatever any one might then think, or may now think, of the utterances of the pastor in respect to either movement, no one could doubt that he endeavored to find the truth, with an honest and earnest love of the truth ; and that when he formed an opinion he did not hesitate to utter it with boldness on the one hand, and on the other with a liberal and charitable love for those who were not content with his moderation. In these reforming efforts the old meeting-house has heard some utterances from the pulpit and the pews which had been more wisely suppressed. But the free spirit of the fathers taught their sons to prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. Those of the hearers whose patience has been tried, and whose spirits have been stirred by the too much or the too little which has been set forth in the name of God, have generally bethought themselves that a free pulpit and a bold pulpit bring more of good than of evil to a community ; and that some of the most important lessons which the gospel teaches are those of tolerance and charity when party feeling runs high and good men are tempted to suspect and denounce one another. The old meeting-house has outlived so many passing excitements, even in this unexcitable community, as to be able, if it would, to emblazon on each panel of its extended walls some wholesome lesson concerning the folly of hot-headed wrath in the name of Christ, and the sublime wisdom of quietly resting in the truth that is or may be revealed.

One class of difficult duties this pulpit has faithfully inculcated, for the exercise of which this meeting-house has been a successful school of practice. I speak of the duties of Christian benevolence at home and in foreign countries.

It was not an easy thing in times like those for the pastor of such a congregation as this to stand up before the assembled hundreds, whom he had known from boyhood, and urge the duty of greater benevolence, and to do this persistently in the name of his Master, who, though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor. But he did it perseveringly, amid cold, incredulous, and scowling looks, and the reward of the fidelity was great. The old meeting-house has been, in an eminent sense, the treasury house of the Lord, and many who have waxed liberal under its influences have been greatly enriched of the Master. This meeting-house has also

trained the people to good manners. The youth stood up before their elders. Mr. Pitkin, while he continued the pastor and long afterward, walked with dignity up the centre aisle, in flowing cloak and venerable wig, with his three-cornered hat in hand, bowing to the people on either side.

This meeting-house has also enforced respect for age and position by the traditional custom of *seating the people*.

Those times were at least stable when society was held together by bonds like these; for, though occasional envy and disparagement might be cherished in secret, they could not overthrow an arrangement which commended itself to the judgment of the solid men of the community, and was conformed to the traditions of their childhood. When the minister or stranger entered the school-house, its busy inmates rose at once to their feet. As either approached the school-house, by the way-side, the school children ceased from their sports and arranged themselves in ranks to give a pleasant greeting to the passer-by, — a greeting which blessed those who gave more than those who received it. These customs of deference and honor, of courtesy and respect, did much to soften the rugged aspects of Puritan life. They lifted up its stern and uncompromising democracy into the dignity of an organized society. They restrained the unblushing impudence of untamed boyhood, and disciplined all classes to respect for the laws and to obedience to God. The family, the school, the meeting house, society itself, were nurseries of order and decorum.

But the religious life of the community is that which the meeting-house is designed to promote. The spiritual worship offered from one Lord's Day to another, the renewal of better aspirations, the renunciation of besetting sins and inveterate habits of evil, the strengthening of the faith, the brightening of the hopes, the maturing of the patience, the re-kindling of zeal, the training of the believer for a better life on earth and a more precious inheritance in heaven, — these constitute the true glory of the house of prayer. We ask then with special interest, What has the old meeting-house achieved, and what has it seen, of results of this kind, during the century in which it has resounded with public prayer and praise? The answers to these questions have been given so fully in the published discourse of the pastor who served you sixty years, that I need only refer to what you know so well. Some fifteen or sixteen hundred have been added to the communion of the church. The largest number at any one time was one hundred and fourteen, in

1821, on a bright Sabbath in June. Of these there were representatives, from almost every house, of those who had been moved to the before untried exercises of prayer and praise in that wonderful revival of religion which came into this community as a rushing mighty wind, and caused its population to speak, with new tongues, of the wonderful works of God. Then was eminently fulfilled, "the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant whom ye delight in." Before and since this house has often been hallowed with the presence of the Holy Spirit. Many men in their sturdy strength have learned to sit at the feet of Christ with docile spirits. Many old men have waked to new views of life. Many, very many, children and youth have been gently led into the ways of blessed Christian aspiration. Here truth has been patiently explained and earnestly commended to hundreds, who have found it confirmed in their own experience: and much of it has sprung up and born abundant fruit. There are many thousands scattered here and there and over this broad land, and some in other lands, who have been made better men and women, and whose households are better and happier, for the impressions received or confirmed in this house. There are multitudes of perfected spirits, now gathered to their rest above, who can remember seasons spent in this house which were the anticipated earnest of that which they now enjoy in the great assembly of the Redeemer. Surely, God has been in the place, though we have not known it. Christ has often been here, and the Holy Spirit has brooded over and within this house by his life-giving power.

During all this century the Christian church has been learning new lessons of Christian truth and of the Christian life. It is no dishonor to the worthies of the past to believe this. It would be a fatal defect in the gospel, and would argue that it was not from God, were it not progressive. The traditions of our fathers, and the spirit of our Congregational polity, enjoin upon us the duty of opening our minds and shaping our actions to every new revelation which is made concerning the word of God and the life of truth and obedience. This meeting-house has seen great changes in the speculative and practical views of Christendom; and it has not only accepted many of these changes for the better, but it has rejoiced in them as relieving Christian truth from many objections, and the Christian life and character from unfortunate misconceptions and reasonable reproach. Your old pastor, in his Half Century

Discourse, confessed to have made important changes in his theoretical and practical views during his long ministerial life, and recorded his unfeigned regret at many of the imperfect and one-sided exhibitions which he had given of the gospel in the earlier part of his ministry. He rejoiced that he had entered into more satisfying and rational views of Christ and his salvation. But no man doubted that, with each advance which he made, he made progress in spiritual knowledge and in Christian simplicity; that he became more humble, more Christ-like, and more self-sacrificing the longer he lived; that he was stronger and more clear in his faith and love, even though he was more playful, more humane, and more catholic till the last day when he ministered from his pulpit. The old meeting-house has been true to the duty of forgetting many things that are behind, and reaching after those that are before. It has witnessed and has contributed to a progress of opinion, in respect to Christian theology and Christian living, which would deserve thanks and congratulation this day did we but walk in the brighter and better light which has been gradually breaking upon the Christian church since the foundations of this edifice were laid.

We would concede that there has been something of priestly denunciation and of lay intermeddling, and that strife and division have occasionally wrought their evil work. But we may still look with pride upon the honor which the history of the church brings upon the polity and principles which it has tested for a century past.

The men whom it has trained in its school of thought and action; the women whose saintly piety and efficient benevolence it has cherished and inspired; the families whom it has blessed by its simple worship and its friendly care; the poor at home whom it has fed and comforted; the feeble churches at a distance which, from the first, it has fostered and befriended; the unenlightened to whom it has sent its living messengers and its never-failing contributions; the oppressed whom it has remembered in their bonds; the country to which it has been true in the years of its peril; the hundreds of men and women who, in every part of the country, are ready to rise up and bless it,—these are witnesses to what one of these New England churches has accomplished. We glory in our "mother church" for similar works which she has done in hundreds of communities. We are not blind to its defects, nor would we propagate it as a sect to the destruction or weakening of a single Christian household. We care for it most of all because i

is so unsectarian in its spirit, and large-hearted in its charity ; and because, by its simple organization, it so readily adapts its views of Christian truth, its modes of worship, and its conceptions of Christian culture and of Christian duty, to whatever Christ is continually teaching his church by his providence and spirit. We believe that something like it will be eminently the church of the future, — when the living and present Christ shall come nearer to his people, and they shall live more consciously in his presence and for his kingdom. Perhaps this old church which has so sturdily withstood all physical decay for a hundred years may not need to survive another century to witness a united Christendom, — when in every village there shall be but one fold and one shepherd ; when all shall be re-baptized with the spirit of the Master, and fulfill his prayer for his disciples, “that they all may be one, as thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.”

We may not conclude without a more distinct reference to the deceased pastors of the church who have done so much to make this meeting-house a blessing to the community. When the house was dedicated, the courtly and fervent Mr. Pitkin had been pastor of the church for twenty years. His fluent and animated exhortations, and his earnest piety, were esteemed and honored in it thirteen years afterwards. When the Revolutionary War was over, he was dismissed at his own request, but he continued to reside in the village ; sat in the pulpit and rendered occasional acceptable services to the church till he died, in 1812, forty years after the church edifice was finished. Then followed ten years of party strife and low morals and worldly prosperity, till the ordination of Mr. Washburn, whose winning manners and saintly elevation brought many accessions to the church, and a great and lasting blessing to the community. After ten years he died, and for a generation was mourned by many, and is yet not altogether forgotten by a few. In 1806, Rev. Dr. Porter was ordained the pastor. The vote by which he was invited to accept the office was thus phrased : “ Voted, that this society, from personal acquaintance with Mr. Noah Porter, Jr., *being one of us*, and from sufficient experience of his ministerial gifts and qualifications, are satisfied that he is eminently qualified for the work of the gospel ministry, and do now call and invite him to settle with and take the charge of the people of this society in that important work.” And in this spirit he was received and supported till his death. I need not refer to any further particulars of the

events of his ministry for the first fifty years ; for he has recorded them fully in the sermon which was preached at the expiration of that period. I need not describe his character ; he was known and read of all men, and there were few who did not honor and love him. That he loved this church and delighted in this meeting-house, you need not be told. It was providentially ordered that the afternoon appointed for his burial was so inclement that his remains, which had been brought to this house for the public religious services, were detained till the following morning before they were consigned to the earth. A few of the parishioners and friends kept watch during the night. It was fitting of itself that these remains should rest awhile in this place where for more than eighty years he had been an habitual worshiper, and for sixty had served as pastor. It is confidently believed by some

“ That millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Both when we wake and when we sleep ;
 and oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly sounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sound
 In full harmonic numbers join their songs,
 Divide the night and lift our thoughts to heaven.”

If this is true, surely on that night there were gathered in this house the spirits of other generations to renew with their pastor the worship in which he and they had united when present here in the body. With him they reviewed all the memories of the past, and recalled the scenes which had hallowed these walls ; as with united ascriptions of praise and thanksgiving they rendered homage to the Redeemer who had brought them safely out of the joys and sorrows of earth to the rest and joy of the heavenly temple ; they did not forget to bless again and again this house of God to which as lovers and friends, parents and children, they had walked so often in company.

We would fain believe that on the present occasion a still larger assembly is present of the spirits who have gone before, some of whose faces and forms we have often seen in this house, and cannot forget whenever we come here to worship. What looks of love do they cast upon us, what unseen glances of unspeakable tenderness and sympathy ! What words do they breathe of unspoken affection, what prayers and praises do they present which we may not hear ! With what homage do they regard this venerated sanc-

tuary! What an estimate do they place upon the work which it has wrought! With tender and reverent care they commit it to the hands of the present generation, to alter and decorate it as they will, if it may better serve the needs of the present and the future, but charging us to retain if possible, even for another century, the house which has survived the first with such steady persistence, and served so many generations so well.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE remember the grand and solemn emphasis with which Dr. Channing used to speak these words. No music that we have heard ever gave such a meaning to language, as the tones of his voice in the utterance of such words. It seemed as if all the higher faculties of his nature were vibrating through them, and endowing them with his own highest thought and life.

The human soul! How it may invest even small things with dignity and reverence, or add to the grandeur and power of what is greatest! The ocean in a storm fills us with awe and wonder. We look upon it as among the sublimest works of God. But a human being struggling for life amid the waves awakens a deeper and more solemn interest. And when another human being willingly dares the perils of the sea, and confronts the tempest with all its terrors, in order to rescue a fellow man from death, and we see him fearlessly battling with the elements and returning victorious in the conflict, we feel that in him is a power more majestic and sublime than the ocean in its grandest exhibitions of majesty and power. There is a greatness in the human soul loftier and more enduring than the stars. Amid the noise and tumult of battle where two hundred thousand men are engaged, we fall in with a soldier mortally wounded, who

knows that in a few hours he must die, and in the strength of his convictions, the calmness of his faith, the tenderness and sweetness of his love, as he talks of his home and his country, of Christ and of God, looking as if in his rapt emotions he already belonged to higher worlds, we recognize the presence of a power mightier than that of armies. In that frail, helpless, dying man we recognize a spirit which consecrates the cause and the land for which he dies.

All that is most grand or beautiful in the different spheres of activity, or in the world around us, is that which has been impressed upon them by their association with the human soul.

Places of business are to me always full of interest. They bear witness to a degree of enterprise and patient toil, which do honor to our nature. There originate schemes which go forth to compass the earth, and return at the end of years, to reward the enterprise that gave them birth. And the wealth thus acquired is not confined to selfish purposes; but he who has planned out a voyage, or looks forward to the successful result of his labors, finds his pleasures enlarged by the thought that others will share in his success, that he may thus increase the honor and comfort of his friends, that he may contribute more fully to objects of charity and public improvement. And the works of public convenience, taste, and charity,—our highways, railroads, schools, churches, almshouses,—the liberal contributions which are made to benevolent objects,—the families who in a rich abundance rejoice in a father's success,—the charities which call out the prayers of thanksgiving in the house of want,—all these, set off as they are by examples of a contrary spirit, show that the spirit of business is not wholly a selfish one, but is marked by generosity in using, as well as skill and enterprise in gaining, wealth. The places of business and labor tell of sublimer powers than those which are employed upon money. There man is cherishing or destroying faculties that shall wear in their lineaments marks of joy or sadness, which shall last when every vestige of the wealth he has gained shall have vanished from the earth. It is not without some-

thing like awe that I enter the room where the active life of a human being has been spent, where twenty, thirty, forty or fifty years of scheming and toiling have occupied a human soul, and prepared it, or left it unprepared, for the destiny on which it has now entered. I ask not what was the outward condition or success of that man. All other thoughts are silenced. The soul alone stands before me; for, what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his soul? or what is a man injured, if he lose the whole world and save his soul?

A few weeks ago, in company with a friend, I visited a place which had always been connected in my mind with very dear and sacred associations, though I had no recollection of having seen it before. It is a long, one story house, standing alone, with no other dwelling visible, in a pleasant sunny opening. There, more than a century ago, it had been built by one of the earliest inhabitants of the town. It is now deserted. But for more than a century it was the abode of human beings. One family of eight children and then another of ten had grown up under its lowly shelter. Three or four generations had lived there, with great activity of mind and heart. And what a story does it tell of life's opening and departing hopes! There children have been greeted with a mother's blessing and a father's thankfulness. There the joyous, noisy group have gathered round the large and hospitable fireside. There young affections have been cherished and disappointed. There the sweetest ties of life have been formed and severed. Thence children have gone forth with heavy hearts as wanderers from their home. After long absence, they have come back again, and those walls, now so bare and desolate, have resounded with their mirth. There a sharp anguish has been felt as some child, beautiful even in death, pushes aside the cup of life and sinks into his last sleep. But time and a healing Providence remove the wound; they rejoice once more in their customary occupations; the cares and pleasures of the day fill up their thoughts, and the evening prayer is offered with no special reference to their loss, when a longer train of mourners is

gathered together because a link in that family circle has been broken, which no time can replace. All the changes of life have passed within those silent walls. There the bridegroom and the bride have been, there the strong man rejoicing in his success, and the same strong man a sufferer, longing for the day or the night to be gone; there they have listened to tidings of war or peace; there heavy disappointments and great successes have come; there the song and dance have been; there the mother has been made a widow, and the child an orphan. But these are not what fill me almost with awe as I enter that old and ruinous abode. These things have all passed by, they are gone, they are matters of small concern to those whom they most deeply touched. They belonged to this life and with it have ended. But every stone and rafter there may tell of influences which have not passed by, which now are with the soul, and shall continue to be with it when heaven and earth depart. As I move from room to room, I can almost see the spirits of the old inhabitants gathering once more with the approach of evening, not to talk over the pains or pleasures of their earthly pilgrimage, but absorbing all other views of life and its concerns in the one great thought which relates to their spiritual and eternal being. The greatness of our spiritual being and of the immortal interests connected with it invests even that lowly and ruinous abode with a pathos and solemnity which can attach themselves to no objects, however great or beautiful, unless they have been associated with the human soul.

I visited some time ago in my native place, the grave-yard, on a bleak hill-side, near the spot where its present occupants were accustomed to assemble, as one family, to worship the God of their fathers. The old church, as if it could not longer in its loneliness look down upon the graves of those who had once filled its walls with prayer and song, had gone, and only the burying ground remained, overgrown with bushes, briars and thistles, through which the winds of winter might drive undisturbed, a fitting emblem of the desolation which must sooner or later strip off every earthly hope.

When I was there it was a mild summer's day. The wild bushes spread their shade over the ashes of the dead, the white clouds floated leisurely by, the valley below was sleeping in the general stillness, and, all around, the mountains were reaching up their high summits to the skies. For nearly a century that place had been levying its contributions from among the living; and of those many graves there were few towards which neighbors and friends had not, with heavy hearts, slowly wound their way among the hills, weeping and mourning, as they followed their dead, and as the earth fell upon the coffin, many and many a heart has felt as if nothing more were left. What a testimony here to the breaking up of human ties, and the sundering of our mortal hopes! That spot, humble, naked, and alone as it is, has been consecrated by the tears and anguish of thousands. But these things are small. As I stood by the resting place of some holy man whom I had known, the sorrows and toils and fears with which he had struggled, the changes which death had wrought upon him, were but as the summer's storm which has passed away, while the soul was shining forth as the sun in the kingdom of heaven.

And not only in places like this, but in the desolation that overspreads empires, amid the wreck and utter overthrow of their proudest monuments, we learn the same lesson of the littleness of earthly ambition and the greatness of the soul. The millions of beings that once there went through the dream of life, the armies that marched forth in the pomp of warlike power, the crowds that thronged their triumphal procesions and their festal halls, with the thousand human interests that were throbbing in their hearts, come up, as from their graves, before us, and casting a look of sorrow on their defaced and crumbling monuments, tell how shadowy are all objects of human ambition. But sadder than all the rest is the story they tell of wrongs inflicted upon the soul. The changes that have been seen are not what now they most deplore. The forms of the young and fair, of conquerors and statesmen, of the wise and great, may have gone down; for their day is past. They were but the changes and phases of the

hour. The growth, decay, and final subversion of empires which had endured a thousand years, belong to the same class of transient changes, and are borne away into oblivion and everlasting might. The very monuments of their existence lose their meaning, they crumble into dust ; but still they tell a tale of human pride and ambition whose work is not yet done ; they tell of souls coeval with their birth, which are living now, and which shall live forever.

Thus everything around us tells of man's frailty and his power, — of the littleness of that which is confined to this world, and the greatness of the faculties within us, which transcend all outward rules of measurement in space or time. All things else are passing away, and becoming in themselves of no account ; but the true and faithful soul, evolving from higher to yet higher forms of life, shall go on through the eternal ages, expanding and rejoicing, rising ever into grander conceptions, richer experiences, and a diviner joy.

OUR PRESENT DUTY. — The living, — give them kind words and loving deeds. Wait not to carve an eulogy upon the stone above their heads ; keep not back the merited word of commendation while they dwell in the flesh.

Too many, alas ! too many, shut the door of their hearts till the loved one has passed on ; till the warm, loving heart has ceased to beat, and the willing hand is palsied in death. Then the words which should have cheered their souls in life ripple over their graves, — words which, if given when they were with us in the flesh, would have linked them to our souls, and, now that they have arisen, would, like a chain of love, have drawn us up to them.

It is natural for us to idealize, and speak tenderly, lovingly, of those men call "the dead." It is refining to our souls to do so ; but let us remember that the kind word and deed to the living to-day are better than any eulogy we may place upon the tombstone we rear for them to-morrow. — *Mrs. F. S. Adams.*

SOURCES OF UNBELIEF.*

A SERMON. BY REV. C. G. HOWLAND.

"Help thou mine unbelief." — MARK ix. 24.

PROBABLY there never was a time when unbelief in anything supernatural or extra-sensual, was more prevalent than it is to day. We are far removed from the ages of faith, and perhaps it is well that the world does not believe so easily, and so much, as it once did ; for no small part of the ancient belief was quite irrational, and did not deserve to be perpetuated. The highest truths of the Christian religion were held in connection with the grossest superstitions, but the fault of modern times is in rejecting so much of what is true, as well as venerable, in seeking to get rid of what is false, in placing all the beliefs and sanctions of religion on a common level, and casting them aside as unworthy of respect. Were this course adopted with reference to anything else, it would be thought most unwise ; it would be doing precisely what the Communists did during their bloody reign of seventy or eighty days in Paris.

Wise men modify whatever they receive from the past, and make it serve them still. Everything that exists to-day existed ages ago. Institutions, governments, laws, all of these things are old, and what they are now is but the development of something less perfect. There are no new creations of things like these. By the principle of "natural selection," by the "survival of the fittest" of everything in human society, there has come at last the present degree of perfection, and we do not suppose the best has been reached by any means. The rudest beginning was the stepping place to something a little higher, and from that a wider view was obtained : and the world has been climbing up those "altar stairs" for centuries. It has taken and used whatever has been bequeathed to it, throwing nothing away. Astrology

* Preached in the Unitarian Church, Meadville, Pa., Oct. 12, 1873.

was the art of predicting the future, by observing the motions and aspects of the stars or planets ; and from that idle and vain pursuit, it is said, has come the marvellous science of astronomy, which so enlarges our ideas of the universe. Alchemy was the name of that old and persistent endeavor of the learned to find some process by which any metal could be changed into gold ; and from that absurd undertaking arose the modern science of chemistry, which reveals to us so many of the secrets of nature, and even tells us the composition of the sun and stars. There are laws common to England and America, and I am not sure but they are common to the whole civilized world, which are almost as old as civilization itself ; and, if they are not an exact transcript of the legal maxims of the time of Marcus Aurelius or Alfred the Great, they are the outgrowths and adaptations of those maxims to the requirements of modern society.

But men seem to show less wisdom in their religious concerns than in anything else. There is a disposition in some quarters to cast everything aside. There are quite large numbers of persons who have concluded that all religious faith is a superstition, without reality anywhere ; that it is only the first step in the awakening intellectual career of the race, a mere dream having no solid basis in fact ; that what we call the Infinite Object of worship is really no more than the fairy of a child, or the apparitions and ghosts of the ignorant.

Doubts do not all have the same source, and beside they are of various degrees of respectability. We must not imagine that unbelief is always the sign of a bad heart. No mistake could be greater : for the question occurs at once, What is unbelief ? The writer of one of the addresses read before the Evangelical Alliance last week, in New York, classed Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, and Spiritualists among the unbelievers. The Evangelical Alliance would not agree with the Ecumenical Council in its definition of unbelief ; and there are other bodies, just as respectable for their learning and characters as these, who do not precisely agree with either nor with each other. Each of these bodies says

the other is in a state of error or unbelief, concerning that which is important; and some profess to be very sure that the unbelief of the others is fatal, and will result in the loss of the soul.

I mean by unbelief the denial of a religious nature, of a life to come, of the gracious work of Jesus Christ, and of an Object of worship. I do not mean the vagaries of ill-balanced and superstitious minds; I do not mean that endless mass of conceits or convictions which has come down to us from antiquity, so much of which has been an injury to mankind, a prison to the intellect and a poison to the heart; I do not mean mere credulity, an unwavering belief in infallible books and infallible churches and infallible men, for there are no such books or churches or men in existence; but I mean by belief an earnest persuasion that there is a Personal Will behind all the appearances of nature, and above the souls of men, into which he pours his spiritual light, and to whom he gives his quickening breath. There is an instinct in the hearts of men, which suggests and precedes and underlies these deep and passionate utterances; there is something to worship else these dreams and cries and aspirations are without significance. By belief I mean a strong conviction of a Supersensual, Omnipresent Intelligence, who shapes this visible universe, and rules its mysterious forces; who formed the human soul, and allied it to himself. There is a God to worship. And I mean beside that, a belief in personal immortality; and in the law of duty and obedience to it. If men are the children of God, and if this world and this life are not the only sphere of activity, then they will feel, as they cannot otherwise, that they are bound together by the obligations of mutual helpfulness; they will feel that they owe to each other kindness and courtesy and forbearance, that these are imperative duties acting alike upon the great and the small, but with peculiar weight upon the gifted and well conditioned. And I mean also belief in the authority of Jesus Christ, and the redeeming power of his spirit when received and imitated. *He* believed in God and an endless life and the sacred law of duty, and that made him the

teacher and inspirer of men. He was immeasurably greater than other souls ; he had faith in divine realities, and where he went willingly though sadly along, knowing what his doom would be, it does not become us to be "faithless, but believing."

Some of these things which I have briefly hinted at, as being essential parts of Christian faith, are apparent to the understanding of all men. There are others which the understanding of some men fails to find. But you may be sure that in some things faith is above the intellect ; the church is not entirely wrong when it declares that faith is higher than reason. We ardently believe a great many things which we do not fully know, or do not know in the same way that we do other things. The intellect does not reach so far ; it often stops with tired wing, while faith flies unwearied on. It is the business of reason to restrain the faculty sometimes, and keep it in check ; but it is not always to hold it down. Faith is sure of many things of which the understanding has but a dim perception. They are the two different hemispheres of the soul, two realms almost entirely distinct. What has the intellect to do with worship and adoration ? What has faith to do with mathematics ? It is not the religious sentiment that investigates the relations of forces, and builds railroads and subdues continents. It is not the intellect that bends in prayer and utters its devout aspirations in song. These two elements of our nature are quite separate from each other, and to some extent independent. Sometimes they stand alone ; one will be present, the other absent. But this is not the rule. They belong together, and each has its office. There are a few persons, perhaps many, of fine intellects who never feel devout ; there are others of most fervid religious natures who have only moderate gifts of intellectual activity and strength. The first are not certain of finding God anywhere ; not, let me say, on account of their acute and penetrating minds, but because they lack the power by which he is most quickly seen. There are others, some of whom are almost marvelously gifted, and have no sign of superstition in their natures, who feel them-

selves always environed by an upholding spirit, and cannot escape the sense of the Divine presence.

These, then, are fundamental doctrines. The last, of course, is the most important of all, — a belief in God. The denial of these is the denial of everything. They belong together ; but it is conceivable how one may believe in God and go no farther, not engage in any act of worship, not have any faith in a future life. We know, in fact that this is true of a large number of persons. They seem to have but little of the religious instinct ; they care nothing for worship, but they give a sort of intellectual assent when we affirm the existence of God ; they do not have a spiritual or religious apprehension of him that stirs the whole nature, and fills it with a pleasing awe, but when they think of him at all it is simply as the fashioner of the universe.

The first and the worst kind of unbelief that I shall speak of is that which springs from a bad life. There are persons who do not like to think that they are always under obligations to the just and true. They try to make themselves believe there are no eternal principles of honor and right. In order to be consistent, they will sometimes profess not to believe in anything great and sacred and venerable, and so justify to themselves their wrong course. It is, they imagine, a matter of opinion after all, a mere prejudice, an open question, whether there is such a difference in human actions as the moralists claim to see ; and I think there are those who regard it as an excuse for their evil conduct that they do not pretend to any faith in the sanctions of morality and religion. Holding aloof from churches and public worship, and openly proclaiming their disbelief in the Bible, they seem to suppose, gives them a right to act as inclination may suggest, without responsibility to any one. "Why," they say, "should we be so scrupulous ? We do not accept your fastidious notions of morality. We do not claim to be bound by what you call a sense of honor. There is no such thing as honor. Every man must be his own judge of the relations he sustains to others, and of what is best for himself. There is no Divine and everlasting law about such things ; there is only

what strength and ferocity and cunning suggest. There are no considerations higher than those of self-interest and desire. What you talk about as gentleness, fidelity, reverence, duty, we know nothing of; we do not see them nor feel them, and are not conscious of their existence. There is no other life than this, and so we will eat and drink and be merry, get what we can, and make the most of what we possess. The God in whom you believe is a myth; and it is an idle waste of time, and a sign of miserable and delusive folly, to pray to that imaginary being." This is the way in which many persons attempt to excuse themselves in their habitual neglect of religious duties, and in their violations of the moral law. Claiming to doubt everything, they think, absolves them from the plain requirements of integrity, justice, and affection. They bring forward their unbelief as an apology for their defective morals, and their failure to meet the generally recognized obligations of life.

The remedy for this sort of unbelief is personal fidelity to the demands of truth, charity, and piety. A man must act the truth, if he would discern it. "Whosoever doeth his will, shall know of the doctrine." There is no better way to find whether the Bible is true, and whether Jesus spake the word of eternal life, than by obeying his precepts; trying to see how they work in practice. If it be found, after trial, that their observance really increases kindly feeling, makes good citizens, promotes industrious habits, cultivates grateful and devout feelings, there is the best reason for believing they are true; but if they disturb the peace of families, and make the temper morose, and occasion social discords and brawls, and create distrust of Providence, we may be very certain they are false; for it was a rule which Jesus himself gave that the tree is known by its fruit. This matter can be very easily tested, and it is tested every day. We know, every person who has come to years of reflection knows, what fruit New Testament instruction produces. We know that it insures honor, order, respect, reverence, good will, when faithfully followed, and bears witness to itself. And when it is forgotten, or neglected or scorned, we know what tempests overwhelm the

soul, and how men struggle and curse and fight with their destiny, and at last go down before some power mightier than themselves.

There are doubts which have their origin in a certain flippancy of character or nature. It is difficult for some persons to be serious. They cannot be impressed or penetrated. Ideas glance and glide away from their minds almost without touching them. Perhaps it is a defect of their natures, but they do not seem capable either of reflection or emotion. They are listless and inattentive. They float on the mere outside of life, and are ignorant of its depths. Nor do they see all there is on the surface, but only that over which they can chatter and dance and sing. There surely is a great deal which ought to make even the superficial listen ; something meets the eye, or strikes upon the ear, every moment that ought to stop the current of emptiness. Almost every step we take we find something pathetic, something that moves our pity or excites us to grief. On all sides of us there is pain and disappointment and despair ; old men toiling in hopeless poverty, strong men weeping, women and children disconsolate. Not an hour passes but they who wish may learn enough to break up the hollowness of their lives, and seek some noble thing to do, some worthy things to know, and live as an immortal being should. Were it not, as I suggested, that the natures of some persons are frivolous and void, — for which they cannot be greatly blamed, — we could not easily express our surprise and indignation. Persons without moral enthusiasm, incapable of earnestness, light, heartless, how ought we to regard them ? What do those deserve from us who are not stirred by the most solemn thoughts, whom the greatest events in the lives of men or of nations do not move, who frolic and frisk when their country is in mortal agony, or their city in the throes of revolution or ravaged by pestilence ? If such as these, or those nearly like them, do not believe in sacred things, I do not know but they must be given over to vanity and trifles, until the time when God sees fit to awake them by instruments and agencies which men have not the right nor the wisdom to employ.

There are persons whose unbelief in divine things comes from a little philosophy. A few scientific phrases and expressions unsettle their minds. Bacon said that "a little philosophy inclineth men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." This is generally true. They are not usually the really great men of science who speak against religion. It is not they who cry out and utter their voice on the platform and in the street. Those who fear that the world will continue to believe in God are not often those whose investigations, in some special branch of science, are independent and thorough, but those who have read a book or two, or possibly not so much as that, but have heard incidentally that there are very accomplished philosophers, and men of science who do not go to church or have much respect for the religious sentiment, and who perhaps are intellectually atheistic, or in whose works nothing is said about religion because it does not come in their way to say it, any more than it would in a work on geometry to introduce an essay on music or the drama. It will be noticed that those who are working the hardest to convert mankind to atheism, who fear that churches will still be built, and that men and women will still hope and believe and sing and pray, are not remarkable for their profound knowledge of the universe or of the human soul. I allude to those whose little papers and pamphlets one sometimes sees, whom we sometimes meet in the rail-car and hear in conversation, and who talk about Darwin without knowing whether he is a musician or grammarian or naturalist. It has been recently said that there are not fifty men in this country, if there are in the world, who are competent to discuss and form positive opinions upon the development theory; and yet many persons are very enthusiastic in its support, and for no other reason apparently than because they erroneously suppose it deals a staggering and final blow at religion, and dispenses with the necessity of a Divine Providence.

Another class of doubters are those who demand logical proof and demonstration for whatever they are called upon to believe. But logic is not always trustworthy. When we

come to instincts and emotions and feelings, which are very serious and important facts, logic does not greatly help us. You may prove to a mother that her son does not deserve her affection, but that will make no difference with her: she will love him in spite of your demonstration. Possibly it can be satisfactorily shown that this sense of awe and wonder and worship, which men everywhere feel, is the result of education, or the effect which an overwhelming thought in the minds of men for ages finally produces on the soul; but there it is, and logic cannot remove it. There are things, my friends, that are higher than logic, and that are deeper, too; something that goes farther and sails faster; something that seizes and clings and stands where logic cannot get a foothold, — and that, as I said before, is faith: it is the religious instinct which apprehends the Infinite and then bends and adores. You cannot measure this ethereal essence, you cannot confine or suppress it. It is as old and as lasting as the human soul, and has an immense significance. I suppose there are many in all communities who are completely unsettled in their religious belief on account of the breaking up and giving way of the faith of their childhood. When that is gone they feel that everything is gone with it. A doubt thrown across their minds about some of the old Hebrew stories is a shock to their faith in God. To be told that he did not actually come down in a bodily form, and talk with Moses, and give him the tables of stone, engraved with his own hand, is blasphemy. Then in a little while the idea which seemed so blasphemous takes a firm place in their minds, and by and by their reason assents to it. Then in a little while longer they begin to ask if anything is true, and perhaps to doubt if there be. But let such persons be charged not to allow their faith in eternal things to be destroyed by the mere letter which cramps and kills at some period, if not at first, but to keep it alive by the spirit which gives life. Let them be told that the Bible is a great stream, bearing on its surface all the fears and doubts and hopes of a strong race of men, on the sublimest theme to which the thoughts ever turn, as well as their poetry and philosophy

and maxims of government, and that it is not always clear and sweet and full ; or let them be told that it is a great field spread out before the eye wherein is everything that gives variety to the landscape ; there are pleasant vales through which the streamlet glides, and where the gentle flocks are feeding ; there are also desolate mountains whose summits and sides are covered with rocks and a sulphurous smoke, where fair things cannot take root ; there are flowers of wondrous beauty, catching all their radiance and drawing their moisture from the skies ; there are "trees whose fruit is for the healing of the nations," and others the taste of whose fruit is bitter and from which we receive no sustenance. Let them select from this infinite diversity what they best enjoy. If they love the quiet valleys, there is room ; if they prefer the solitude of the forests or the bleak mountains, there let them abide and find what their natures need, like those plants which climb far up and seek another temperature because they cannot thrive below. If David sometimes lays aside his kingly robes, and does that which even common men ought not to do ; if Isaiah sometimes walks the earth like you and me, and Paul speaks not by commandment, — it must not be forgotten that the king and prophet and apostle had a divine work to do and divine things to say, and did and said them grandly, and have justly been ranked for ages among the heaven-inspired men.

The last kind of doubt which I shall mention is the worthiest of all ; for it is really worthy, although melancholy. It is removed as far as possible from the unthinking and jocose sort ; for it brings sadness to the eyes, a kind of hopelessness settles down and covers the face, and life puts on a gloomy and mournful aspect. Doubt like this is the keenest distress, because a nature which is troubled with this kind of unbelief is capable of the greatest agony ; too honest and too wise to yield a ready assent to every question, knowing indeed that a prompt unequivocal *yes* or *no* cannot be rendered to them all. Intelligent and conscientious persons deliberate before they decide, and it sometimes happens that after much deliberation they cannot decide at all. There are

so many obscure and perplexing features to a problem that they cannot solve it. They have both the logical and the religious faculties, and they cannot always harmonize them. Certain propositions seem logically true, but affection and hope and the religious instinct rebel and declare them false; just as Robertson says of the doctrine of necessity, philosophically and logically it is impregnable, practically it is an enormous falsehood. And the case of Robertson is an illustration of this phase of doubt, for he possessed a critical mind, he had a strong religious nature, and he was perfectly sincere; these were his characteristic qualities, and we can see how such a soul would be racked when it came face to face with these great questions. And it was racked. At one period of his life everything seemed to be moving away beneath him. Is such a man to be roughly censured by the easy believers? are they to accuse him of depravity and stubbornness, and send him to perdition? Of how much greater worth are honest doubts like these, not unmingled with hope and trust, than the facile faith of the credulous, the selfish, and the dissembling! Such a person as this does need to be patronized. He needs to be treated with the most respectful consideration. Nothing could be more unwise than to harass and threaten. It is not indeed a sign wholly evil when honest and capable persons hesitate and examine, and refuse to say they believe when they do not. They deserve our honor, our affectionate sympathy, and what light we can give them; and by and by it may be, when they no longer feel that they must understand all the wonders of life, and are not obliged to explain all the problems that come to them from such a universe as this, but leave most of them for future solution, and everything with God, and take their places and cheerfully do their work, they will see the heavens open and the angels going to and fro. There surely will be this blessed vision for each at length, because the worthiest has attained it; and, although it is seldom instantly given, but many times not until the soul has walked over stony places and through the fire, yet my hope tells me that in due time it shall come to all.

We cannot answer all the questions which the curious intellect can ask, but let us not for that reason be greatly disturbed or unsettled in our faith. We do not expect to answer them all. The wise sometimes hesitate and stumble at the queries of a little child, and they are mortified and amazed at their ignorance. We will strive to learn, but be content as we may while we do not know, and not ashamed to confess when our sight is indistinct. If we could answer the questions of our own souls, the eternal mysteries that brood around us would be unraveled, and we should no longer be men but gods with the attributes of Omniscience. We will leave that audacity to the Miltonic Satan, and find our supremest joy in affectionate obedience; and some compensation for our ignorance will surely come to us in the quiet trust and unspeakable awe of reverent hearts.

SUPPORT IN AFFLICTION.

AMONG the books which we have read during the last three months, there is no one which has left a more salutary and refreshing influence with us than two volumes of letters by Rev. J. J. Taylor. We cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of copying a few passages which show the sweet, trusting, beautiful spirit of the writer. His only son, a young man full of promise, with all the qualities which could endear him to his friends, died on the early threshold of life, and this is the way in which the father writes of him:—

“How little, my dear Mrs. L., can we look into the future. And it is well for us that we cannot. What a happy meeting we had on Christmas eve, last year, at your house! Old friends meeting again, and our dear boy, full of spirits, the gayest of the gay. He is now lying a silent corpse in the room above that where I am writing. I cannot tell you how dear he was to us! how pure, how good, how unselfish! The last three months of nursing will furnish a blessed

memory to us, for they have brought out the manly patience and the uncomplaining gentleness of his character. There is only one availing source of consolation, and that is open to all of us. In past years we have sought it together. May it never be closed to any of us now!

"My own reliance is firm on the voice within, confirmed by the still distincter and more authoritative voice of Christ, and the wonderfully profound impression left, in some mysterious way, on the minds of his immediate followers, that he was indeed risen from the dead."

"All the ambition I once had, as respects this world, has been taken out of me by the death of my most dear and truly excellent son. To be indifferent to *this* world, while we are in it, and have duties to perform, would be wrong; but I feel my chief interest in it now is (and I am calmer and happier, I hope wiser and better, for the thought), to do what I can to serve the interests of truth and goodness and genuine religion,—to make such provision as I am able for the happiness of those whom I must leave behind me, when I go, and to prepare myself as best I may, by continual aspiration and endeavors after what is better, for joining, when any change comes, in some more glorious and blessed state, the many beautiful and excellent souls whom God has mercifully permitted me to know and hold converse with on earth. This is the most consolatory of all beliefs to frail and dying man; it always formed a part of my religious philosophy; but it never was a reality—a strength and a comfort to me—as I feel it now. A religion which teaches it so emphatically as Christianity, must have a divine source."

"Allow me one remark, my old and dearly valued friend, which my own bitter experience suggests. I have no doubt you will prove its truth as I have done. There is ever a fund of religious trust and hope latent in the soul,—especially where life has been religiously spent. By a merciful providence, we find, this trust, this hope, comes out with new force and vividness under the pressure of affliction. What were mere beliefs before, become certainties and realities now. We never perhaps doubted that there was a God, and that he was our Father; but never do we *feel* him so near, so intimately present to our inmost hearts,—the one great reality of our existence, sustaining us on his merciful arm, and speaking to us audibly with his kind, paternal voice,—as when every earthly support is taken away, and the voices we have

most loved to hear are mute. If I might speak from my own heart to comfort yours, — and this is the true sympathy of friendship, — I could say, that, although the hope of another and a higher life ever formed from my earliest years a part of my creed, yet it never was so clear a certainty, so intense a reality, mingling, I can truly say, in the daily current of my deepest thoughts, as it has become since sorrow made it a spiritual necessity to me. I want no arguments now; they all seem to me poor and insufficient for so grand a theme. I could not live without the belief. God has made it a part of my daily life, and I cannot disjoin it from myself. My very dear friend, in this blessed trust, and in the filial love and reverence out of which it springs, may we all find that consolation and repose, which the incessant changes of this life permit us to find nowhere else. Let us not doubt for a moment, that our earthly life is but a preparation for something more lasting and glorious than itself; and that in the exhaustless resources of Divine wisdom and love, we shall in some way, and at some time or other, recognize once more the pure souls we have conversed with on earth, brightened in every expression of moral and mental excellence, and cleansed from the stains of human infirmity which clung to them here below. Accept, my dear Mrs. S., the expression of my most affectionate sympathy for yourself and Mr. S. for the widowed husband and the orphan child. There are feelings which we cannot adequately express. My heart is full and I can write no more."

"BEHOLD the streams of mercy, how they water the parched and barren places of earth! Are we sin-sick and weary — see the cool streams in which we may bathe, and be refreshed. Have we trod the path of error until our feet are sore and bleeding — behold the fount of mercy which is never dry, — that stream kept full and flowing by the tears of angels who weep for wandering, erring souls."

CHRIST A GARDENER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHENKENDORF.

ABOUT a blooming garden
A faithful Gardener goes,
And on the thousand flowers
His constant care bestows.

He gives them gentle showers,
And sunshine warm and fair,
And all must surely flourish
When cherished with such care !

With loving thoughts they blossom,
And joyfully abound,
Their twigs and tendrils twining
The faithful Gardener round.

Till at their time appointed
He lays them on his breast,
And bears them up to heaven
Where dwell the good and blest.

To paradise he takes them,
That brighter world on high,
Which ne'er in dust and ashes,
Like this of ours, shall lie.

Here glowing hearts must perish,
The grain of wheat decay,
But there life blooms in beauty
That never fades away.

Thou Gardener true and gentle,
Oh, grant us so to grow,
That we a spring eternal
In heavenly fields may know !

S. C. R.

TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

BY THE EDITOR.

THANKSGIVING.

THERE is no festival which is more peculiarly our own than our annual Thanksgiving, or which has a more affecting history. The Pilgrims came to Plymouth in December, 1620. Within four months nearly half their number died. In the following spring they prepared the ground, and planted grain, some of it over the very spot where their companions had been buried. In the autumn their first harvest was gathered in. The corn, one of their number said, yielded "well," and the barley was "indifferently good," but the peas were a failure. Still they were thankful for what was given. In order that they might rejoice together "after a special manner," they sent out four huntsmen for wild fowl. On their return they held their festival, feasting their Indian friend Massasoit and ninety men for three days, with venison, wild turkeys, water-fowl, and such other dainties as they could procure from the woods and the water. This, in 1621, was the first observance of a New England Thanksgiving.

No account respecting it for the next two years has come down to us. The Pilgrims had hardships enough and sorrows enough. On the third year, in the spring of 1623, they were left almost entirely without the means of support. "By the time their corn was planted, their victuals were spent, and they knew not at night where to have a bit in the morning; nor had they corn or bread for three or four months together." Elder Brewster lived on shell fish, and gave thanks that he could "seek of the abundance of the seas, and treasures hid in the sand." It is a tradition that at one time all the corn in the colony being divided, amounted only to five kernels for each person.

They however made preparations for a larger crop than before. Women and children joined with the men in planting the seed. But about the middle of May a drought set in

and for six weeks there was no rain. It seemed almost certain that the harvest would fail, and the failure of a harvest then would be starvation and death. Even the friendly Indians were distressed for them. When all other hope was gone, on the first of July, they set apart a day "to humble themselves together before the Lord, by fasting and prayer." It was a bright, blazing day, with not a cloud. They met together, and for eight or nine hours continued together in prayer. Towards evening, before the meeting was broken up, the sky was overcast. The rain began to fall as the thankful worshippers withdrew, and for fourteen days there fell, as one of their number said, "such soft, sweet, and moderate showers, as it was hard to say whether their withered corn or drooping affections were most quickened or revived." From this time the weather continued favorable, and the harvest, to use again the words of one of their number, was "fruitful and liberal, to their great comfort and rejoicing; for which mercy, in time convenient, they also solemnized a day of *Thanksgiving* unto the Lord." And that regularly appointed festival, set apart in the autumn as a day of Thanksgiving to God for his gifts and his mercies, has, we believe, been continued without intermission from that year of 1623 to this of 1873, a period of two hundred and fifty years!

How different the circumstances then and now! A few families, cut off from kindred and friends and native land, by a wild and dreary ocean, not allowed to return *home* without giving up the exercise of a worship dearer to them than life, — a wilderness before them here, — half the companions and associates who had come out with them three years before already dead, — a little community of families, on a lonely and unfrequented shore, all meeting together in one small place of worship, with no other worshipping assemblies on the wide earth to sympathize with them in their day of weeping festivity and tearful rejoicing, as they called to mind the homes and friends which they had left, and felt that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world. Yet withal they clung to one another with generous affection, they looked up

in devout and fervent gratitude to Almighty God, and rendered thanks to him for all his benefits and his mercies. But now, this day instituted by them, made sacred by their prayers, and fragrant with their affections and devotions, is publicly set apart for religious and social observances, by forty millions of people. Through all this great land, this Thanksgiving is a day when families are brought together, and the absent are remembered, — when the blessings of the past year are recounted, and memories of earlier days revived, — when the boy afar off thinks of his home and the dear ones at home think of him, and with unusual fervor ask God to remember him. Over this whole land, from ocean to ocean, if we could see such things, we should see the air this day laden with kind wishes and gladsome greetings, with thoughtful messages of love, and longings for nearer intercourse, and prayers intended for God, but lingering by the way with those on whom they would call down the blessings of heaven.

And through what vicissitudes and changes, what periods of public apprehension and calamities has it come down to us, — through Indian wars, which threatened the lives of every household in the colony, — through French and Indian wars combined, which excited a degree of hatred and alarm, that we in our security can hardly conceive of, — through our Revolutionary war, seven years of general insecurity and distress, — through the terrible civil war which we all remember; but every year, whatever else it might bring, with the ingathering harvest brought also the day of Thanksgiving. There might be poverty; but there was thankfulness to God. There might be war with its terrible privations and exposures and slaughter, but there was nevertheless thankfulness to God for his mercies.

The most hearty and affecting observance of the day has often been where the gifts of this world have been most sparingly bestowed; perhaps in the home of a widow, left with a large family and no means of support, except what comes from willing hands and a strong heart. The children are put out to work on farms. Sadly they leave their mother's home,

and go into strange families, wherever they can earn their bread. The days and weeks drag on heavily. The thought of the home where their childhood was spent often calls tears into their eyes, as they contrast the treatment which they then received with that which they now get. For months they look forward to this day. They long for it. They count the weeks, and then the days. When it comes, they gather round the old fireside. There is not much wealth there for a stranger to see. But for weeks, there has been thrift and saving, that on this day at least there might be no lack,—that on this one day there might be an abundance for all, though some homeless associate, some child even less prosperous than they, should come with them. There is heart-room and house-room. There are the religious services of the morning ; and then festivity and rejoicing. Every old spot is revisited,—the old oak or maple, the great rock under whose shadow they had loved to sit, the brook in which they had delighted to play. Memories reaching back to the earliest dawn of childhood are revived. The boys of the neighborhood unite in out of door sports. Perhaps men who seldom play on any other day in the year, relax their dignity and their limbs to join in a game of ball. In homes and scenes like this, the dearest affections of the heart are cherished. Happiness enough is condensed into that one day to diffuse itself through half the year in anticipations and memories.

And from just such homes and scenes often come those who are to be the stay, the hope and the ornament of society. By habits of industry thus acquired, by virtues thus established, by affections thus warmed and strengthened, they are prepared to avail themselves of richer opportunities of instruction, and fitted for more responsible duties and higher positions in life. The widow's heart shall yet sing. Brighter days will come,—Thanksgivings with greater apparent affluences, but none entered into with a deeper joy or a profounder sense of thankfulness. God's blessing be with the widow and the fatherless on this day of festivity. And his blessing be everywhere,—to make us glad in him and in one another.

This weary work-day world is pressing too hard upon us, and we need some relief from its cares and tasks. We need a day when we may give ourselves up to religious thankfulness, to domestic rejoicing, to amusements and sports in which we may forget ourselves and our years, and all of us be children again. We shall be the wiser and better and happier for it. The burdens of the next week will rest more easily upon us, and its tasks will be more cheerfully and better done.

We have pictured the day as it comes up to us from our own early experiences and recollections,—a day of refreshment and abundance, mercifully interposed once a year for the benefit of those who are too much bowed down by constant hard work, and by habits of saving which sometimes harden and narrow our better sympathies and affections.

But its genial and blessed influences are confined to no one class. We love to think of the day as it is, among all conditions and classes of men,—to go in imagination from house to house, to see the family groups which are gathered together and the various emotions which move them,—the young with their anticipations of happiness alone, the mature, whose views of life are sobered, and who look on their children with a parental pride not quite free from anxiety,—the aged, who remember the former days, and who though in the midst of those whom they love, and who look up to them with reverence, cannot quite forget other forms, and voices once heard, which they shall hear no more. Here those who have been separated for years have now come together, and the air is vocal with their joy. There it is a day of memories and anticipations only. They who should be gathered together are far off. The house seems empty. But in some distant state is a new home, where the young father and mother invoke the blessings of heaven on their children, and remember, with tearful benedictions, the home where their childhood was nurtured. Even with such, the day helps to draw them together and to strengthen with sacred and living associations the family ties. There are the rich, with whom every day is one of abundance, and who cannot therefore quite understand all the elements of happiness which some others

enjoy ; but who in dispensing from their abundance among those to whom every year is unprosperous, are allowed a luxury which all cannot have, while in the family reunion, and domestic rejoicings, the day is to them a hallowed and blessed day.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us, with prosperous labors and thankful hearts, with unambitious affections and the quiet domestic virtues, with health, intelligence, and piety, with all the Christian charities which may fill our homes with love and overflow with their benefactions into the homes of those less prosperous than ourselves, that this day of festivity shall not remind them of their destitution and poverty, or that they are strangers among us with none to take them in and none so prosperous as to forget their obligations to one another and their reasons for gratitude and love to the Fountain of all good.

"EUTHANASY."

We are glad to learn that a new edition of "Euthanasy" is to be published at Christmas time. This is a book which has given pleasure and comfort to thousands. We remember the delight with which it was read by Mr. (now Bishop) Huntington, and cherished by him almost as a new revelation. It has been a long time out of print. The last edition was the sixth. Before it was quite sold, the author was absent in Europe, and then there was the war.

Mr. Mountford's own copy, we happen to know, was parted with to a lady resident in Paris, who consulted a friend of his, as a Boston man, saying that she would pay almost any price for the book ; but that London, New York, and Boston had been searched for it in vain. When the gentleman gave her the book, and told her that he was a relative of the author, she was much astonished, saying that she had understood that Mr. Mountford had died of old age many years before.

In a private note to us the author says, in regard to his preface to the new edition : "My preface is somewhat apologetic, saying that the book is all true, but not the whole truth ; nor as much of the truth as I now know, — and that

some day perhaps I may publish another book of the same kind. Is not that right? During the last two or three years there has been considerable demand for the book, but I could not publish it afresh, without saying that I am editing my own younger self."

"SEX IN EDUCATION."*

Among thoughtful people who are interested in the education of the young a little book, written by Edward H. Clarke, M.D., and entitled "Sex in Education," has excited a great deal of interest. The subject is one of very great importance, and is of so delicate a character, that most persons competent to treat it wisely, shrink from discussing it. And yet there is hardly any subject relating to education on which there is greater need of information. Dr. Clarke, who is abundantly competent to enlighten the public, has taken the matter in hand, and given his views in a book which we cannot too earnestly commend to teachers and parents. It is written with clearness and force. It goes directly to the heart of the matter. It brings into prominence the strong points in the case. It suggests considerations which have been little heeded, and which deserve the most serious and thoughtful attention. It is very plain spoken. Perhaps, in some cases, there is a tone of asperity which ought to have been softened. It would have been better if a few passages, some of them half humorous, had been omitted; for they indicate an element of coarseness, or of roughness and unfairness, which really does not belong to the book, and they add nothing to its value. With this slight reservation, we heartily commend the work, as containing statements of fact, and suggestions which deserve the most careful thought.

The central idea of the book is this. Heretofore, in theory and practice among us, boys and girls have been subjected to the same processes of education. "The law has, or had, a maxim, that a man and his wife are one, and that the one is

* Sex in Education; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls. By Edward H. Clarke, M.D. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

the man. Modern American education has a maxim, that boys' schools and girls' schools are one, and that the one is the boys' school. Schools have been arranged, accordingly, to meet the requirements of the masculine organization." "Schools for girls have been modelled after schools for boys." "Our girls' schools, whether public or private, have imposed upon their pupils a boys' regimen; and it is now proposed, in some quarters, to carry this principle still farther, by burdening girls, after they leave school, with a quadrennium of masculine college regimen." "This identity of training is what many at the present day seem to be praying for and working for. Appropriate education of the two sexes, carried as far as possible, is a consummation most devoutly to be desired; identical education of the two sexes is a crime before God and humanity, that physiology protests against, and that experience weeps over."

Against the maxim and practice of an identical education for the two sexes, Dr. Clarke argues from the different physical capabilities of the sexes, especially during the period between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. In consequence of want of attention to this important fact in their physical development, he thinks that girls are subjected to great trials and hardships, so that during the most rapidly formative period of life their physical constitutions receive injuries from which they never recover. Hence we are having an inferior race of women; and, as a natural consequence, must have from them an inferior race of men. These conclusions, Dr. Clarke thinks, are fully established by physiological considerations, confirmed as they are by cases which have come to him in his medical practice, and by the fact that our American women of the present day have not the vital force and stamina which belonged to their grandmothers, and which belong now to European women.

These are very grave charges against our existing system of education for girls, and no one who has looked carefully into the subject can deny that they are substantially correct. Not that the whole evil is to be traced to errors of school education. Our habits of living, our entire regimen and

training for the young, are in fault. This is fully recognized by Dr. Clarke.

"Let it be remembered that this is not asserting that such methods of education are the sole cause of female weaknesses, but only that they are one cause, and one of the most important causes of it. An immense loss of female power may be fairly charged to irrational cooking and indigestible diet. We live in the zone of perpetual pie and doughnut; and our girls revel in those unassimilable abominations. Much also may be credited to artificial deformities strapped to the spine, or piled on the head, much to corsets and skirts, and as much to the omission of clothing where it is needed as to excess where the body does not require it; but, after the amplest allowance for these as causes of weakness, there remains a large margin of disease unaccounted for. . . .

"The scope of this paper does not permit the discussion of these other causes of female weaknesses. Its object is to call attention to the errors of physical training that have crept into, and twined themselves about, our ways of educating girls, both in public and private schools, and which now threaten to attain a larger development, and inflict a consequently greater injury, by their introduction into colleges and large seminaries of learning, that have adopted, or are preparing to adopt, the co-education of the sexes."

"The identity of boys and girls, of men and women, is practically asserted out of the school as much as in it, and it is theoretically proclaimed from the pulpit and the rostrum. Woman seems to be looking up to man, and his development, as the goal and ideal of womanhood. The new gospel of female development glorifies what she possesses in common with him, and tramples under her feet, as a source of weakness and badge of inferiority, the mechanism and functions peculiar to herself. In consequence of this wide-spread error, largely the result of physiological ignorance, girls are almost universally trained in masculine methods of living and working as well as of studying. The notion is practically found everywhere, that boys and girls are one, and that the boys make the one. Girls, young ladies, to use the polite phrase, who are about leaving or have left school for society, dissipation, or self-culture, rarely permit any of Nature's periodical demands to interfere with their morning calls, or evening promenades, or midnight dancing, or sober study. Even the home draws the sacred mantle of modesty so closely over the reproductive function as not

only to cover but to smother it. Sisters imitate brothers in persistent work at all times. Female clerks in stores strive to emulate the males by unremitting labor, seeking to develop feminine force by masculine methods. Female operatives of all sorts, in factories and elsewhere, labor in the same way; and, when the day is done, are as likely to dance half the night, regardless of any pressure upon them of a peculiar function, as their fashionable sisters in the polite world. All unite in pushing the hateful thing out of sight and out of mind; and all are punished by similar weakness, degeneration, and disease."

These passages show that Dr. Clarke is too wise a man to become the slave of any one-sided notion. If he does not speak of other sources of physical degeneracy in our American women, it is because they are not the subject which he has chosen to write upon. He has nothing to say of the equality of the sexes. What he says is, that, physically, they are widely different, and therefore ought not, especially between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, to be subjected to the same rigid processes of education. During that period, girls cannot bear the same continuous and severe strain of hard work, mental or physical, that may safely be imposed upon the other sex. And in all our schools allowance ought to be made for this constitutional difference.

However guarded Dr. Clarke may be in his statements, the effect of his book on common readers will be, we fear, to give an exaggerated idea of the dangers of hard study to girls. Let the methods suggested by Dr. Clarke be adopted, and the necessary intervals of partial or total cessation from labor be provided for. Under these conditions, we believe that hard study will prove to be, not only a pleasant, but a healthful exercise. There may be exceptional cases, as there are among boys. But in the active exercise of the brain on interesting subjects, and in the glow of enthusiasm which is thus excited, there is an occupation of the mind, and of the physical organs connected with it, which is favorable to the general health and strength of the system, and which can no more be dispensed with than vigorous exercise of the other bodily organs. A mind wide awake, interested in what

should be the most interesting subjects, putting forth all its powers to master them, is, we believe, exercising a salutary and healthful influence on the body when in its normal condition. The vacancy of an unoccupied mind, the listlessness of a mind afraid of hard tasks, and seeking refuge, as such a mind inevitably will, in idle or worse than idle dreams and fancies, must inevitably produce, not only feebleness of mind, and a dwindling away of the moral forces, but also a morbid sensitiveness and feebleness of body.

Dr. Clarke could not put everything into his book. But we have no doubt that he would find in his medical notes ten cases of disturbed physical functions and enfeebled constitutions arising from these causes where he finds one arising from hard study. "The Christian Register," of November 8th, contained an excellent article on this subject by a mother, who is also an accomplished and experienced teacher. She takes very strongly the ground which a careful observation of many years has led us to take. It is not the hardest students, or the best scholars in either sex, who most frequently break down prematurely; and, where they do break down, it is because they violate the laws of health in other ways than by too vigorous an exercise of the brain. We are confirmed in this view by two of the wisest and ablest teachers of girls that we have ever known, who have kept a record of their scholars, and watched their course after leaving school, and who agree entirely with what we have here stated. It is not hard study, but late hours, injudicious clothing, social dissipation and excitement, careless, dreamy habits of thought, excessive novel reading, improper food or food taken at improper times, that ruin the health of our school-girls. No girl under eighteen, while at school, should be allowed to go to parties, except very seldom. The contrast in these respects between our girls and European girls is, we suppose, very much greater, especially among the higher classes, than in the amount of exercise to which their brains are subjected.

Dr. Clarke seems to speak disparagingly of anything like a college course to be superadded to the present school educa

tion of girls. Probably his objection is only to the masculine regimen which he supposes would be attached to such a course. He tells us that the most sensitive and dangerous period of a girl's life, physically, is between fourteen and eighteen, and that after that time there is greater toughness of muscular fibre, and greater hardihood and powers of endurance. Do not these facts suggest the importance and the safety of extending a girl's education into that more advanced and mature age? A girl's education usually ends at eighteen, just as she is beginning to be strong enough, mentally and bodily, to study with pleasure and profit. Her brother's education practically begins at that age. Our educated men learn all that is most valuable after that period, — that is, they then enter upon the higher studies towards which their previous studies have been converging, and which give meaning and value to their preparatory studies. Most boys are unable to go to college. Their studies, too, which are intended to prepare them for business, are usually ended at the age of eighteen. But provision is made for the higher education of all who have the ability and the desire to profit by it. One in fifty, perhaps, takes advantage of these more advanced courses of study. But the one in fifty, or one in a hundred, who, in college or out of college, go on in their education, are the men who give its best tone and character to society. Who are to be their wives, their companions and fellow-workers? The girls who have been allowed to study only two or three hours a day, from fourteen to eighteen, and who then give up their studies entirely, and enter into the whirl and excitement of our American society? Or shall we make adequate provision for the higher education of the one in fifty, or one in a hundred, among them who has the physical and mental vigor, and the moral force, courage, and enthusiasm, that would lead them further, and make a more extended education a privilege and a blessing to them and to the community?

Few subjects now before the public are of such weighty and practical importance as this. The equal, not the identical, education of the two sexes is the great want of the age, —

a want which is making itself felt in almost every direction. If all our colleges for young men should be destroyed to-day, and no similar institutions allowed to take their place, the loss would not be greater to the community than that which it has been suffering, and is now suffering, in the lack of such institutions for young women. A beginning has been made to supply this want. The good sense of our people will extend and carry on the work, and we shall have healthy women, fully developed in mind and body, equal to the best specimens that we now have of healthy, highly educated men. And Dr. Clarke's book, we have no doubt, will do something to hasten the advancement of this grand movement for the higher and better education of women.

As to the compatibility of the higher studies with the health of young women, we quote a few words about Vassar College, from an article in "The Commonwealth," by Mrs. Dall.

"The world may be challenged to produce, in any one neighborhood, four hundred young women of so great physical promise. In the following June I met Miss Mary Carpenter at Vassar, by appointment. She saw with amazement how close the actual attainment of the pupils came to the curriculum proposed; but she concluded her investigation by ejaculating, with the peculiar emphasis that all who know her will recall: 'And we must admit that they have superior health, — it is most extraordinary!' This was the testimony of one accustomed to the 'rosebuds' in England's 'garden of girls.'"

We cannot better close our article than in a few words from an article in "The Christian Register," by Mrs. Badger, to which we have already referred.

"Let a woman's voice be heard pleading, not for less work or less constant work, but for a wiser method of work in our schools! Let a ban be put upon public exhibitions of both boys and girls in schools! Let the worry arising from a false system of marks for recitations, and from all comparisons and competitions, be banished forever! Let the notion that girls must recite all their lessons while standing vanish from the minds of both teachers and physicians! Let evening parties, and the various forms of tempting

amusements which beset our young people while attending to the serious work of their education, be as strictly forbidden to them as they are to their infant brothers and sisters yet in the nursery! Let the tyrannous fashion-plate be consulted less than the laws of harmonious coloring and real fitness of contour!

"Above all, let the beginnings be right! Remember that far more valuable work can be done for the education of any human being, and especially of a girl, by reason of her threefold nature, between the ages of seven and fourteen than between fourteen and nineteen. Let our girls remain girls, till they have reached the estate of womanhood. Let their development be gradual and normal, not forced and spasmodic; and we shall have no hot-house flowers to fade and die at the first touch of the ruder air of real life, but blossoms that are the pledge of coming fruit.

"In conclusion, we would insist not only that the diseases so often referred to do not originate generally in the schools, but that the only way in which they can be reached and cured is through the instruction imparted and the regularity of life, in all its details, required by wisely-conducted schools, covering the whole period from early girlhood to full maturity."

WAR WITH SPAIN.

We have been shocked by the atrocious murders perpetrated, under the show of legal authority, by barbarous and cruel men in Cuba. But are we ready to annex the island, and have those men, and thousands of others like them, for our fellow-citizens? We suppose that the law of nations has been violated, in its spirit, by our citizens who fitted out the "Virginius" to help those who would overthrow the authority of a friendly government, and in its form by the manner in which the "Virginius" was captured, and fifty or more of those on board of her were put to death. We have no words of justification for either party.

But if wise counsels prevail, as we believe they will, in Washington, we cannot but think that justice will be done, and the dignity and honor of both nations preserved without war. It ought not to be in the power of a few bad men, or of many excitable and enthusiastic men, to create a war fever in a great nation like ours. War is the last and most terrible

resort of nations, and nothing but the sternest necessity can ever be an excuse for engaging in it. No such necessity exists or can exist, in the present case, unless the government, on one side or both, should be exceedingly foolish as well as wicked, and that seems to us an impossible supposition. The present Spanish government, republican in form, and presided over by an orator and statesman who is honored wherever the love of freedom is cherished, cannot have any disposition other than of the most friendly character towards the great sister republic on this side of the ocean. And our government certainly cannot have any other feelings than those of sympathy and friendly solicitude for the Spanish republic, which is surrounded with difficulties, and which every despotic government would be glad to see overthrown.

Under these circumstances, we have not allowed ourselves for a moment to look upon war as a possible event. The legal party in Cuba, upholding slavery, and with a doubtful allegiance to their own government, cruel, insolent, and overbearing as they are, certainly have no claim to our sympathy or respect. We can have no wish to see Cuba an independent nation under their control. How much better it would be as an independent nation under the leaders of the revolutionary party, we do not know. It is plainly our duty, while sympathizing with every honest liberal movement, not to allow ourselves to be drawn in by either of these parties, so as to embarrass and enfeeble the present liberal government of Spain. We, above all other nations, should be conservators of peace. Mr. Sumner and Mr. Wilson, in their letters to the war-meeting in New York, have shown the right spirit. We cannot understand how a man like Mr. Evarts should be willing to add to the excitement of the hour. It is the part of a Christian statesman to calm the passions of the people at such a time, and to show how the great ends of justice may be secured without disturbing the peace of the world.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

As we look back upon our lives, with each new year, past events speak to us with a new significance and power. We

hear the words that are spoken, we see our friends and neighbors, we watch the progress of events, and yet while they are with us we only imperfectly understand them. We are like the prophet Daniel, who had exhausted himself in vain attempts to comprehend the visions that rose before him, dim foreshadowings from the eternal mind, of scenes and events which were yet to be. He has left behind him an account of what those visions were. But still the words are closed up and sealed. Commentators have exercised their ingenuity upon them in vain. Enthusiasts have delighted to expatiate amid their grand and mysterious imagery, which, even when most obscure, affects the heart with a sort of religious awe. But to this day they remain enveloped in much of their original darkness. For the prophet himself did not understand them. And when, as we read in the last chapter of his book, he confesses his ignorance, and asks for more precise information in regard to their meanings, no further light is given. He is simply directed to go his way, to do his appointed work, for "the words are closed up and sealed till the time of the end." And then glancing, perhaps, through the ages that may intervene, the direction is repeated, with those added words of encouragement: "For thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days." We cannot understand the full meaning of passing events till the fullness of time has come.

Now the Bible is like the great book of nature, and the book of life. If it has its mysteries, so have they. If it goes back into ages too remote to be fully understood, so do they. If, notwithstanding the fullness of its disclosures, it points up into worlds too vast for the reach of our loftiest powers, so do they. If it calls up from the future visions of sadness or of glory which powerfully affect the mind, though we cannot by searching find out all their meaning, so also do the book of nature and the book of life point on to a future which is of infinite moment to us all, and on which lie the shadows of a more perplexing and more awful mystery.

As we go along, day by day, we feel as if we were taken up with cares and events too obvious and unimportant to engage

either our affections or our thoughts. Our personal relations with one another seem trivial. But when the year is ended, and we look back into the past, and call up its scenes one after another in review before us, we are moved with solemnity. Those incidents and events which were fading as obscure points in the distance, those opportunities which we cannot now distinctly recall, those neighborly associations and friendships which have vanished from us and are ours no more, rise behind us in the past with a profounder meaning than we had given to them, and point on with a prophetic foresight of deep, and sometimes fearful, significance to us. While we are with our friend, he makes a part of our daily life. His thoughts are our thoughts. His smile calls up a corresponding emotion in us. His tenderness awakens unconsciously the tenderness that is sleeping in our own hearts. We have our passing jests, we do our work, we talk of the events of the day, we comment freely and easily on one another. We are employed mostly on the surface of things, and only in those rare moments of intercourse, which lay open the inner depths of our being, do we understand what our highest relation is. But let some fatal disease lay its hand upon him, and we approach him with awe. His eyes seem to us to be looking, from a nearer point of view, into eternity. He seems to be sitting under the shadow, or rather the light, of a holier world. When he dies, we feel that we have been walking all the while with an immortal spirit. A new meaning is given to what he did or said. An atmosphere of tenderness encircles him. His past life and all our intercourse with him are taken up into a higher sphere, and touch a deeper chord within us. So, not only our friends, but our actions, our opportunities, our enjoyments, our sorrows, as we look back upon them after they have left us, assume a deeper meaning, speak to us in more melting or awe-inspiring tones, and awaken deeper emotions, than when they were actually with us as the pressing engagements of the hour. We then see that they had a sacred meaning "closed up and sealed" within them till the appointed time should come; that there were solemn mysteries encompassing even our

commonplace duties and relations, — mysteries of spiritual joy and sorrow, dimly foreshadowed now, which shall at length reveal themselves when the fullness of days has come. And the feeling of mingled awe and tenderness is increased by the obscurity which rests on most of our past actions.

How many days, how many weeks, and even months are there which we cannot recall, and which are as completely blotted out from our thoughts as if they had never been! Heaven grant that our lives may be such, that when the tombs of our past deeds shall give up their dead, and our quickened perceptions shall at a glance catch their true complexion, it may be with joy, and not dismay, that we meet them face to face.

In this spirit let us look back on the past years. What has it done for us, in our outward condition, in our relations to one another, and most of all in our hearts and lives? The world is richer or poorer to us, not according to what we have, but according to what we are. Have we been growing in the elements of a virtuous and religious life? Have we been more earnest to do what is right in the sight of God than what is expedient in the short-sighted judgments of man? Have we, if poor, grown in habits of cheerful industry and frugality and of devout submission? If rich, have we grown in habits of thankfulness and generosity, taking care that our kind and charitable actions should keep pace with our enlarged resources? Have the young used every opportunity to improve their minds, to be useful to those around them, to prepare themselves for the duties and responsibilities of life?

What lies before us we cannot say. The full meaning, even of past and familiar things, is not yet disclosed. As we look upon the countenance of a child just born into the world, we see there the opening of powers which reach on through the eternal ages. As in the marriage solemnities we see two young persons pledging themselves to one another with affections too deep for utterance, and hopes of happiness too great to be realized on earth, our thoughts are lifted up to those realms where, at the mystical marriage of the Lamb, all pure and faithful souls shall be admitted to his

joy. As we stand by opening tombs, and see there the little child so dearly loved, the faithful and devoted daughter, the young husband whose failing life was watched over with such an agony of fondness, the young wife in the early beauty of her womanly graces and affections, the father to whom, in the ripeness of his manhood, wife and children were looking for comfort and support, the aged ones who, in the fullness of God's time have gone to rest from their labors, we feel that we do not and cannot see all that is meant even by the visions that have already passed before our eyes. There is a deep and solemn mystery spreading over them, — hiding from our sight the glorious fulfillment of their plan. There is a hand even here, pointing upward to higher realms, though all that is meant by it is beyond the reach of our minds.

With these thoughts pressing upon us, what shall we most desire to carry with us out of the past into the coming year? We would carry with us our faith in God and in Christ. We would carry with us our habits of upright and virtuous living. We would carry with us our honorable purposes and plans till they have given strength and consistency to all our Christian habits. We would carry with us our thoughtful regard for the suffering and the poor. We would carry with us our kind affections, but not our enmities. Not one single enmity towards any creature whom God has made should be allowed to pass with us over the threshold of the coming year. If we value our own happiness and peace of mind, if we would escape the most bitter ingredients that can be poured into the cup of life, we will not permit them, or any evil thoughts or deeds, to cloud our prosperous days, to add new pangs to our sorrows, or throw their darkening shadows around the closing hours of life.

We would close this article with the last words which a dear friend, Ephraim Peabody — whose memory is still cherished by many a loving heart — ever spoke to his people: —

“The fever of life will soon be over, its transient successes and reverses will have melted out like bubbles on a stream; the snows of winter will fall on our graves, and nothing will remain but what we bear with us in the soul. And in that heavenly world which we

at least hope to enter, one kind affection, a more settled principle of rectitude, a grateful heart, will be worth more than the prizes of the round world, — these are not counted in heaven. Then, while life is yours, and choice is yours, and there is time and room, establish in the soul some definite and fixed plan of living, which shall look forward to the immortal life, and upward to Christ and to God."

PROF. MOSES STUART.

"The New Englander" has a few interesting reminiscences of Prof. Moses Stuart. He was at first "a man of short sentences," but became diffuse in his style as he advanced in life. We quote a few of the reminiscences:—

"I saw him several times in the sick-room of one of his pupils. He was very tender and sympathizing, and his conversation and prayers were a great comfort to the sick man. The day that he died Prof. Stuart sat down by the bed, and read in low and distinct tones a few brief selections from the Scriptures, then a few paragraphs from the last chapter of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress.' The dying man earnestly drank in his words, assenting to them. and now and then uttering an expression of joyful hope. Mr. Stuart offered a prayer, which was from beginning to end an ascription of praise. Immediately on leaving the chamber he heard some one lamenting that such a promising youth should die just as he was prepared to be very useful. Prof. Stuart replied that this was a glorious victory over death, by which the honor of Christ might, for aught we know, be more advanced than by years of ministerial service. He was full of animation at witnessing the scene."

"Prof. Stuart was very much attached to President Dwight. He talked with filial reverence and affection of his character and frequently quoted his opinions. There was in some points a considerable resemblance between them. A remark respecting President Dwight, made by one of his relations, is applicable to Prof. Stuart, i.e., that he had some vanity, but no spiritual pride. Like him, he was almost always decided that his way was the best, and that he understood better than the person he was talking with the bearings of the subject in hand, or the facts in the case. It made no difference if the person he was conversing with had just read the life of an eminent traveler who died at Aleppo; if Mr. Stuart thought he died at Damascus, it was not worth while to bring the proofs that

he was in error. He had a decided respect for his own opinions on all subjects, and often gave suggestions and advice to the mechanics and farmers, as if he was practically acquainted with their business. In such things he resembled his great instructor."

"His study was up-stairs, and thither, in the morning, after his usual exercise in sawing wood, he went, as Prof. Gibbs said, 'like a tiger.' He could tolerate no interruption, and was inaccessible until dinner. He employed a carpenter to shingle the roof of his house. After the first day the Professor sent word to him that between nine and eleven in the morning he must stop shingling. In the evening, after tea and family worship, he received calls in his parlor from strangers, or from students, and others who came on business. If he had no visitors, he read or rather *devoured* books."

"Although he was so much engaged in study, and the duties of his professorship were so absorbing, he was a thoughtful and kind neighbor. A minister's widow says, 'How many times, after I was established in Andover, has he sent me a basket of early vegetables from his well-cultivated garden, or a basket of peaches from his favorite tree, or a dish of raspberries, or a piece of meat from his own fatted calf, or invited me to send up my children to climb the trees and eat cherries. He would come in once in a while, as he returned from his walk, to ask how I was getting along; and then he would advise me about my trees, or my garden, or about the purchase of my wood. The expression of kindly interest was the thing that cheered and helped me. He won the love of my children by his affectionate greeting when they met him in the street. He was never too much absorbed in thought to say, 'Good morning, my child, how is your mother to-day?' These minor charities, which cost little, are a great sweetness of life.'

"He did not think it beneath him to inquire of a poor washer-woman, as she passed him, whether she was getting a tolerable living, and to offer to obtain a kind of soap that would diminish her labor. When she heard the bell toll announcing his death, she exclaimed, 'The dear gentleman, how kind he was to me!' The common people in Andover, the farmers, laborers, and mechanics, were interested in him. Many of them loved him, and many an one, especially among the aged people, would have some characteristic anecdote to relate of him. The affectionate regard shown throughout the community at the time he died was very significant."

RANDOM READINGS.

BY E. H. SEARS.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES. The little book of Dr. E. H. Clarke—"Sex in Education"—is deservedly exciting much interest and discussion. We are glad to know that a second edition was called for in a little more than a week. It has been replied to, but not answered or refuted; for its appeal is based on physiology and the facts of experience. Dr. Clarke gives cases out of his own practice, and says he could fill a volume with similar ones. He also cites the authority of intelligent observers who have, for a long period, had abundant opportunity of ascertaining the results of systems of co-education of boys and girls in the same colleges or seminaries. His conclusion is, that, during the critical period between fourteen and eighteen or twenty years, girls cannot be subjected to the same study and discipline that boys can, and that the consequences of such subjection are ruinous to both mind and body. He describes a long and grisly company of diseases that infest the female organism, which are let into it by study at improper times or with too much intensity. He disclaims over and over that such study is the only cause, but shows indubitably that this is one. His conclusions are not to be set aside by partial statements, by a single leaf out of some lady's experience and observation of ten years, nor by the fact that boys break down as well as girls. Boys often break down from causes that girls know nothing about, and with which hard study has very little to do: and no such argument can invalidate Dr. Clarke's clearly reasoned conclusions. He says, in corroboration of his own knowledge and observation,—

"A philanthropist and an intelligent observer who has for a long time taken an active part in promoting the best education of the sexes, and who still holds some sort of official connection with a college occupied with identical co-education, told the writer, a few months ago, that he had endeavored to trace the past college history of the female graduates of the institution he was interested in. His object was to ascertain how their physique behaved under the stress,—the wear and tear of woman's work in life. The conclusion that resulted from his inquiry he formulated in the statement, that the co-education of the sexes is intellectually a success, physically a failure. Another gentleman, more closely connected with a similar institution, has arrived at a similar conclusion."

Where facts and physiology both testify, the solemn warning ought to be heeded. Dr. Clarke opens or hints at views which he does not follow out,—the deterioration of the New England race itself, unless causes now widely operative can be arrested. Sterility, hereditary disease, a dwindling manhood as well as womanhood, are the dismal results where the laws which govern a healthful womanhood are systematically violated.

Dr. Clarke does not make any plea against female education, however thorough, but says it should have reference to the female organism and respect it. He repeats his statement that he is not dealing with this as if it were the only cause of deterioration, but one of the causes. His method is purely scientific; and the “sneers” in the book, or the disparagement of women as teachers, we think must escape the eyes of all but those who are determined to make this a partizan question instead of a question of pure science. The book will do immense good by drawing attention to a subject of vital importance to both men and women; and it will have a wider circulation, and more thoughtful reading, for being “arraigned,” denounced, and misrepresented.

THE KITCHEN. “Mrs. Bismarck” and several other ladies have been discussing, in “The Transcript,” the question of “help,”—that is, help in the kitchen,—one of the hardest questions of these times, so far as domestic comfort is concerned. “Mrs. Bismarck” tells her experience, which is very sweet and flowery. “Mark the result. I have a chamber girl who has been with me eight years, and two others that have been respectively fourteen and nineteen years; besides our cook, who has taken a new departure after eighteen years service.” So “Mrs. Bismarck” thinks all the trouble is in the parlor. Ladies do not give “nice tea” to Bridget, and other nice things to match. She has inquired of “Pierce” and of “Small & Priest” what servant tea they sell, and comes to this conclusion.

We men have some interest in this question, and hope the ladies will settle it right. But, with all deference to “Mrs. Bismarck,” we think she knows just about as much of the difficulties that beset this question as the man did of the universe who was born blind and first got his sight in a splendid cathedral. He thought that was the universe, and wondered where all the bad things were he had heard of. One, two, three chamber-maids, besides “our cook.” That makes four servants. How much do you pay them, “Mrs.

Bismarck"? Four dollars? That is sixteen dollars per week, and eight hundred and thirty-two dollars a year. How much does their board amount to, with the "*nice* tea," and other things to match? Certainly as much more. That makes the pretty sum of one thousand six hundred and sixty-four dollars annually paid out for the kitchen, — one-third above the average of a minister's salary, twice the net income of an ordinary farm, and equal to the salary of some college professors. Now, will "Mrs. Bismarck" please to tell us how, after paying our whole income for help in the kitchen, we common people, who cannot support such royal kitchens as hers, are to live in the parlor? After spending our whole income, and running up bills besides which we cannot pay, we should like to have her "mark the result" which is to follow. It is one of two things, — starvation or dishonesty; and the number of defaulters will show how many there are who prefer the latter alternative.

We know of a good many housekeepers, ladies of culture and intelligence, who cannot afford to keep three chamber-maids and a cook, who used, years ago, to employ a servant at half the price paid now, and get along very well, who not only give Bridget as good fare as the family have, but share with her the burdens. Things have changed very much, and "mark the result." You go to an intelligence office. All the Bridgets have their faces set steadfastly towards "Mrs. Bismarck" and "Columbus Avenue," and scorn the thought of going into "the coontree." At length you find one, fresh from over the sea, whom "Mrs. Bismarck" would not even look at, who consents to go with you. Her ignorance is solid and cubical. But you show her how to work. You educate her. You iron for her. You get her to understand the difference between a goose and a lobster. You cook for her, and tell her how it is done. You show her how bread is made; and, at the end of three months, by doing half the work yourself, she knows how to get along. And now "mark the result." You get up some fine morning and Bridget is off, without note or warning, just about the time you have got tired out, and are threatened with typhoid. Bridget has heard of "Mrs. Bismarck." She is going to graduate. You offer to raise her wages. But no: she has been to the Catholic Church, and seen "Mrs. Bismarck's" girls, and talked it over with them, and she is going in search of "Mrs. Bismarck's" paradise.

And so things have gone on from bad to worse, until families, in city and country, who cannot keep three chamber-maids, besides

"our cook," or pay one thousand six hundred and sixty-four dollars annually for woman's help, have burdens laid upon them too grievous for human nature to bear.

We have read diligently all the communications in "The Transcript" for some gleam of light into this domestic chaos. But the remedies proposed only affect the city, and will not reach the country towns. "The League" will benefit people who can keep a train of educated servants, and pay the one thousand six hundred and sixty-four dollars, — not families in the country, who must keep the uncivilized Bridgets, and civilize them for the benefit of "Mrs. Bismarck."

There is one exception, however. "L. M. A." — initials which indicate a well known popular writer — proposes to country families to bring back the old times when domestic service was rendered by American women. She thinks there are American women still who want good homes, and could be found if the domestic service introduced them to the privileges of home. She would extend to them such social privileges as would make the domestic service desirable for a different class of women, and dispense with the foreign help. She has tried the experiment successfully.

We hope the ladies will keep this question in agitation till they have settled it right. For it is a sober fact that the present evils threaten the very foundation of the family institution. What honorable young man, without a fortune to begin with, so as to set up an establishment on "Columbus Avenue," will venture upon matrimony, and drag down any woman he loves into the evils of the present system, if they are suffered to increase much longer? Restaurants, clubs, boarding-houses, and bachelor's halls must take the place of homes.

A HIDEOUS FACT. A young man, seventeen years old, in the city of Lawrence, is reported sentenced to the house of correction, for four months, at his own request, in order that he might have food and shelter for the winter. He was out of work, had slept in barns or out-doors till it was too cold to be endured, and, we suppose, had committed some petty larceny in order to fall into the hands of the police. He was sentenced according to his request. Bridget gets three dollars a week, and rebels at that, while poor Michael goes to the house of correction to keep from freezing and starving. There is something wrong in Denmark which ought to be put right.

THE FIRST-HAND WITNESSES. We received the following from some unknown friend and reader :—

Mr. Sears : Your admirable book on the Fourth Gospel has charmed and helped me, for which let a stranger offer you hearty thanks. Let me call your attention to one slight inaccuracy. Page 396 you say, "None of them tell us that Jesus *ate* with his disciples after his resurrection." But see Luke xxiv. 43. See also Acts x. 41. Your theory of a *gradual* metamorphosis is good, and allows the passages above cited.

Iowa City.

Gratefully yours, ————

Our friend will see, on closer inspection, that we have fallen into no inaccuracy. On page 396 we are speaking of the witnesses *at first hand*,—that is, those who report to us in their own persons directly, and not through somebody else, what they heard and saw. In both the cases cited, the report comes through Luke, who, though an excellent witness, is not a witness at first hand as to the facts of Christ's resurrection. He only reports what he heard others say. The witnesses at first hand are Matthew, John, and Paul, neither of whom say that Christ ate with his disciples after his resurrection,—allowing, that is, that the last chapter of our Fourth Gospel is an appendix by a later hand, and not written by John.

DR. EDWARD BEECHER ON FUTURE PUNISHMENT. Dr. Beecher says the article in the declaration of doctrine made by the Evangelical Alliance, affirming the eternal punishment of the wicked, was put in at the request of the American members of the Alliance. The European members would have left it out. Dr. Beecher is giving a history of the doctrine in a series of exceedingly interesting and able articles in "The Christian Union." He drifts evidently towards the doctrine of Origen,—of universal restoration.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE FLESH was a doctrine which served as a resting-place for the acquisition of a more rational and sufficing faith. Without it, the whole future life to many minds would be shadowy and spectral. When we have learned that the Earth, with all its scenery, is but the shadowing forth of something more bright and substantial; that the spirit-world is the reality of which the natural is only a mere dim adumbration,—we cling no longer to the idea of the resurrection of the body. But when we commit earth to earth, it is perfectly natural to photograph the last look of our beloved friend, and hold it undimmed in the memory as the ground of recognition when we meet on the other side. The fol-

lowing graceful effusion was written evidently by one whose faith was undergoing transformation from the old to the new, and who would now write over the offering laid in earth,—

“There’s not a charm of mind or brow,
Of all we saw or loved of thee,
But shines in holier beauty now,
Baptized in immortality.”

GUARD THY TRUST.

Bright are thy offerings, O Earth !
And rich thy gifts and rare,
Collected in thine own wide lap,
Or spread through sea and air.

Thou givest flowers, thou givest fruits,
And glorious gems of light ;
Thou bringest from thy secret heart
Rich pearls and jewels bright.

But what are all these gifts, fair Earth ?
Oh, what are they to me ?
How poorly will thy best compare
With my sweet gift to thee !

If thou hast given me flowerets bright,
Glistening with pearls of dew,
Have I not in thy bosom placed
A lovely blossom, too ?

Oh, she was choicer, fairer far,
My beauteous, fragrant rose,—
More beautiful beyond compare
Than thy broad garden knows !

What are thy boasted silver mines ?
What is thy ophir’s gold ?
What are thy Californian ores
Of value yet untold ?

What are thy treasures of the deep
That line thy shifting sands ?
Thy glittering diamonds flashing bright
In distant Orient lands ?

With what to me is more than these
I have been called to part ;
For I have laid upon thy breast
The jewel of my heart.

And since is trusted unto thee
This gem of priceless worth,
Oh, kindly guard my sacred gift,
Thou gentle Mother Earth !

— *Meta Lander.*

CHRISTMAS IN 1873 comes with a small speck of war in the horizon, which we trust, however, is not to disturb whatever peace on earth there may be, and good will amongst men. The coming of Christ is a threefold advent. He came in the flesh to inaugurate his kingdom upon the earth,—a new organism with a new doctrine of life, and a new doctrine of the Divine Fatherhood and of human brotherhood,—an organism fitted to receive a second advent of the Lord. The second advent comes as a dispensation of the Spirit in fulfillment of the promise, If any man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come and make our abode with him. But the dispensation of the Spirit ripens the world for the future harvest ; for the grand results of this probation. The same Word that was incarnate here searches, in its last advent, through all disguises and hypocrisies and discerns those who have put on from within his robe of righteousness, and those who have only put it on from without for convenient seeming. And this final advent is the consummation of the other two, even as Jesus foretold,—“I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.”

“As we place rare jewels in a deep setting to enhance their beauty, so God sets great souls in dark surroundings, that earth may better see their heavenly beauty.”

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE DEW OF YOUTH, and Other Lectures to Young Men and Young Women, on Early Discipline and Culture. By Rt. Rev. Thomas M. Clark, D.D., Bishop of Rhode Island. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We can heartily commend these lectures as abounding in wise suggestions and sound instruction. They could hardly be read by a thoughtful young person without doing good. The headings of the chapters show the character of the book: "Formation of Character," "Amusements," "Books," "To Young Women," "Purity a Source of Strength," "The True Style of Man."

AUTUMN LEAVES; or, Ode, Elegies, Narratives, Hymns, and other Pieces, in Verse, from the Writer's Later Manuscripts. By Lewis G. Pray. Printed, not Published. Boston: John Wilson & Son.

This volume brings before us very pleasantly the benignant countenance of an old friend, who has always taken an active and efficient part in all good things, and especially in the Sunday school. The book, prepared by the author in his eightieth year, is evidence enough of the fulfillment to him of the promise to the righteous, that "they shall still bring forth fruit in old age." We have been particularly struck with the sweet and gentle spirit which sings itself in the hymns.

SONGS OF THE SUN-LANDS. By Joaquin Miller, author of "Songs of the Sierras." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We think this a decided improvement on the previous volume by the same author. "The Isles of the Amazons" is, in fervor of feeling and vigor of imagination, a remarkable poem. The author is a genuine poet; and when he has learned to rise above the sensuous images, so as to live amid the higher realities to which they point, he may do something of the great work which it is the office of the highest poetry to accomplish. In the meantime he does something to stimulate the imagination of his readers, and to awaken in them a sense of wants which this actual, material, sensuous world cannot satisfy.

SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN SEAS, and Other Poems. By John Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

These poems are written, we suppose, by a state criminal, an Irish patriot, who had been exiled to Australia, and who, escaping in a small boat from the land, was picked up by a New Bedford whaler. The author has the gift of song, and there are passages which indicate a good deal of power. The following, from the introduction to "The Amber Whale," are no common stanzas:—

"Though it lash the shallows that line the beach
Afar from the great sea deeps,
There is never a storm whose might can reach
Where the vast leviathan sleeps.
Like a mighty thought in a giant mind,
In the clear, cold depths he swims,
Whilst above him the pettiest form of his kind
With a dash o'er the surface skims.

"There is peace in power: the men who speak
With the loudest tongues do least;
And the surest sign of a mind that is weak
Is its want of the power to rest.
It is only the lighter water that flies
From the sea on a windy day;
And the deep blue ocean never replies
To the sibilant voice of the spray."

THE CUMBERSTONE CONTEST. By the author of "The Best Cheer," &c. New York: Dodd & Mead.

An excellent story for the young, but perhaps a little lacking in spirit and power.

WHAT CAN SHE DO? By Rev. E. P. Roe, author of "Barriers Burned Away," "Play and Profit in My Garden."

We read "Barriers Burned Away" with a good deal of interest, and were very much pleased with the book on gardening, which is full of life and interest. This volume was written with an excellent purpose, and with a truly Christian idea as the basis of his work. But in the management of the story, through all its details, we do not think the author has been, upon the whole, successful.

GILES'S MINORITY. Scenes at the Red House. By Mrs. Robert O'Reilly. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

An Excellent story for boys.

CHILD LIFE IN PROSE. Edited by John Greenleaf Winter. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A charming book, pleasing to the eye and to the mind. It is made up of stories of child life, from those who have written such stories best, fancies of child life, and memories of child life, — all from the best authors, — under the chaste and careful superintendence of Mr. Whittier. It must be a very great favorite with children.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL JUDGMENTS. By W. R. Greg. Boston: James R. Osgood.

No one can read even a few pages of this book without feeling that it is the work of an earnest and able man who employed all his powers in the search after truth. He may fall short of what we regard as the highest conclusions, but we never doubt his honesty or his power. Among the subjects of which it treats are the following: "Madame De Staël," "False Morality of Lady Novelists," "Kingsley and Carlyle," "French Fiction the Lowest Deep," "Chateaubriand," "M. de Tocqueville," "Truth *versus* Education," "Good People." The last of these articles, though short, is very beautiful, describing as it does the different classes of good people.

"It is not ours," he says, "to measure relative merit or award the palm of virtue. Of one thing only we may be sure, that for ALL true lovers and servers of Humanity (whatever may have been their line) there is reserved — not fame, not glory, not perhaps even recognition here, . . . but — a welcome and a home in that beautiful and tranquil world which is the goal of all our earthly aspirations, — the world of solved problems, of realized ideals, of yearning affections quenched in the fullness of fruition, — that world where the spirit is always willing and the flesh never weak."

TROTTY'S WEDDING TOUR, and Story Book. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We have not had time to read this book through, but find it very entertaining as far as we have gone in it.

WHAT KATY DID AT SCHOOL. By Susan Coolidge, author of "New Year's Bargain," "What Katy Did." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

We thought "What Katy Did" as nice a book as could be written, but this is even better than that.

